

UNSEEN SOLDIERS

RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Richard Lloyd Jones

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Dear Sir:-

I was recently asked to contribute a set of my Sermonette books to the library of the Union Theological Seminary in New York which of course I was glad to do. But that prompted me to feel that if I were disposing of a set to any theological school library, I should like to have these little books on the shelves of the theological school which graduated my father, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and which school was always close to the heart of my father and mother. I am sending these to you under separate cover. Will you kind enough to accept them with my compliments.

Very truly yours

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

RLJ/q



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UNSEEN SOLDIERS

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes



Statue at Concord, Mass., reproduced by permission of the sculptor, Mr. Daniel C. French

THE MINUTE MAN

See page 29

UNSEEN SOLDIERS

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes

Which Appeared in

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BY

RICHARD LLOYD JONES



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THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

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FOREWORD

THESE Sermonettes appeared throughout the 1922 Saturday editions of The Tulsa Tribune. As is the practice with this newspaper, the Sermonette is printed in the center of the Tribune's weekly church page. About the Sermonette, making a frame for it, are the half-tone pictures of the principal churches in the city of Tulsa, together with their Sunday announcements. This has been established as an advertising page to call the public's attention to the services to be held on Sundays in our various churches, and is paid for by a group of individuals, companies and institutions who in a non-sectarian spirit thus lend their support to all the churches of our city.

I wish to gratefully acknowledge the generous co-operation and support of these good friends who have made it possible for me to put these Sermonettes to this larger and more constructive use.

RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

Tulsa, Oklahoma,
December 10, 1922.

UNSEEN SOLDIERS

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes

UNSEEN SOLDIERS

IN the aftermath of wars nations lift upon high pedestals the statues of great marshals. The leader of the charge is commemorated. Upon great battle grounds are builded a people's tribute to valor. The soldiers who pitch headlong when charging into an avalanche of shot and shell, find the "glorious death" promised by the voice of horns and drums when on parade through avenues of peace.

The world takes notice of the man in open action who gives his all in the presence of all for the good of all.

No less in valor is the soldier who serves his colors unseen, who dies somewhere in a spot unknown, who serves without recognition or reward before or after death, who serves no less faithfully and truly than he who, while under the marshal's order to charge, collects a breast full of fatal hurts.

In the potter's field of patriotism rest millions of soldiers of many wars. Graves unnamed and unmarked hold the buried bodies that housed a courage which neither sword nor saber could conquer, a loyalty to king and country that outlives bronze or marble.

In all her years Europe has produced no more eloquent preacher of peace than Verestchagin, who spent his life picturing the horrible anguish, injustice and sacrilege of war, who so offended crowns by the truth he put upon canvas that parliaments protested against the display of his pictures. Soldier that he was, he too lost his life upon an out-played battleship, sunk at sea in action.

Among his many vivid, story-telling pictures are two canvases, one of huge and one of small dimensions; each telling the story of the heroism of the unseen soldier.

On the huge canvas he painted the roof of the world, the snow-capped peaks of a lofty mountain range above which soars the vulture whose eye has just become fixed in the depths of the valley below upon the lone body of a dead soldier. A picket lost in the mountain pass, where ages may roll by and he will never be found except by the vulture and the gracious God above all.

In the small canvas this painter of peace has

pictured a cone of snow, which study reveals to be the benignant blanket built by a pitying wind about the frozen form of the sleeping picket, still standing in his solitary silence, resting on his musket, erect, dead, ON DUTY.

The great marshals of men, in peace as in war, are dependent upon the service of the pickets, the silent soldiers who do their duty unseen in the shadows of the world.

It is easier to go into battle with the brigade than to be the silent sentinel who guards the pass alone. Comradeship gives both comfort and courage.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know his name," the corporal said.

"It does not matter," the master marshal, Napoleon, replied. "A higher power than we know here records his name. A hero's part well done—he let the army sleep."

Along the lonely trails through history are laid away the nameless legion who have struggled without will or wish for praise, men and women who have silently suffered all but unendurable woe, who never flinched but carried without a whimper or complaint their obligation to oblivion, and lay down unseen, unsung and unrequited that those

who followed in their paths might find a better fate than they.

To dare to do a drab and dreary duty, to take up in silence a patient suffering that can bring no hope of recognition or reward, no eulogy from cathedral steps, no moulded bronze in the market place, no name printed on the ledger leaf of history—this is high heroism.

In every country, province, commonwealth, city, county, community, there are the advance guards of the larger liberties, who uncomplainingly pioneer the way for those of lesser faith, those who can march soldier-like with the masses, but who cannot go into lonely places and do a soldier's service, alone.

The pioneer spirit is the strong spirit; it takes a greater courage to stand alone than to stand with a battalion.

The trail blazer faces hardships unknown to the "builders of empire" who follow.

The martyrs of the world perished because they stood by high convictions that were isolated in their time.

The mother who endures unheralded privations and makes unrecognized sacrifices for her child, who only in the ripeness of years comes to realize the worth of her giving, is serving as an unseen sol-

dier for the good of her country and the glory of her country's flag.

Some of the soldiers who have rendered humanity its greatest service have fought their battle unseen and departing, gone their eternal way unheralded, unrecorded, unknown.

The contribution they made, the cause they served, the good they advanced, was their full reward, but that reward went not unrecorded. In the light they brought to other lives, in the happiness they gave to other hearts, their courage and sacrifice flowered.

In many a humble hillside hut and in city alley attic may be found unseen soldiers who, through patient plodding, are in some noble, heroic way serving a better, brighter tomorrow.

Some of the most important battle fields of life have been where but a single soldier stood.

ADRIFT

WHEN a youth who had invited Herbert Spencer to join in a game of billiards and had run up a surprisingly large score, struck an attitude of self-satisfaction and said: "What do you think of that, Mr. Spencer?" the great philosopher replied, "Young man, I regard a slight proficiency in billiards an accomplishment which every man might well enjoy, but such proficiency as you show bespeaks an ill-spent youth."

The pool table is good for but one purpose—to play pool. It's a poor school to attend if you hope to be a surgeon, a lawyer or a mechanic.

The youth who, because he is young, thinks he has plenty of time and therefore can afford to waste time, will soon find he is behind time.

The man who wastes time, wastes money. These are habits that always work in tandem.

Every man must have a plan and an equipment with which to work his plan if life is to be of value to him or if he is to make his life of value to others. He must not only have energy but he must know how to harness his energy, how to control it, drive it and direct it.

A team of horses is not worth much without a harness. And the harness is of little value unless

you have a vehicle to hitch it to. All must be assembled in the right way and for the purpose of driving somewhere if you hope to get anywhere.

The ship with torn sails and tangled rigging becomes a sea-tossed derelict even though she may have as much canvas and rope as the trim brig that proudly passes her.

The man who never has his equipment in order, who never has control over those things which, rightly arranged and directed, make for power is without power. He drifts.

Life's voyage is a long one. It is serious sailing. The waves of extravagance, debt, fast living, indifference, idleness and ignorance will hold you in their power unless you equip yourself with a power to resist them.

The wise youth spends his youth in building for himself a craft that can fight the wash of the waves that crowd against him in the sea of life.

The fellow who can do nothing that is of real value to himself or to others, is as much without hope of reaching a safe port as the man who finds himself in mid-sea on a raft.

The door of opportunity opens widest to youth. And as years pass the door slowly but surely closes.

The man who has neglected to enter oppor-

tunity's open door is likely to find himself at middle age hopelessly adrift. It is then he realizes the worth of preparedness. It is then he sees those steam by him who have taken pains to build their ship strong, their hull high, their prow sharp and their propeller powerful.

They have trained themselves to be pilots; they can steer definitely for a chosen port in high seas or calm; they drive constantly forward to the port of purpose while he who has wasted time has nothing but a propellerless, rudderless raft on which to drift. He is at the mercy of both the tempest and the calm. He is not master of the sea; the sea is his master.

The use of time is just as much a matter of habit as the abuse of time. Habit is a power. Nothing is more helpful or nothing so harmful. A good habit is stronger than nature. It will defeat the idle elements as a strong ship will ride safely through a tempest.

Once you yield to the line of least resistance you become tempest-tossed. If you would not become hopelessly stranded in the mid-sea of life, if you don't want to be merely a floater, if you want to be counted among the men who can pilot their own way to port, build a ship and not a raft; equip yourself with a well-arranged rigging; put power

into your propeller; know how to drive ahead and how to handle the pilot's wheel.

It is the man who neglects the opportunities of youth who finds himself adrift in mid-sea. He drifts and drifts and drifts until discouraged by his lack of progress he is forced to flag for help and ask some passing, big hearted brother to pilot him into port.

PLAY WELL YOUR PART

BEHOLD the movie play. How daringly the actor does his part with but the eye of the camera to see. It memorizes his movements but it does not applaud his act or bring him back with encore. Headlong the players plunge over precipices, bound they lie before the thundering locomotive, wildly they cling to the mane of the maddened horse. They do it with a philosophy that counts it all in the day's work.

The small stage star twinkles in the limelight of sumptuousness and feeds on constant adulation. The player in the out of doors serves art without the stimulation of an audience's admiration.

All credit to the movie players. They take whatever part the scenario provides and perform before the one-eyed auditor in a soldierlike way. Would that we could borrow a bit of their soldiery and infuse it into every-day living.

Would we could live the philosopher who said, "Act well your part, there all honor lies."

So many of us grumble and whine through all our days because we were not cast in the star's part. We object to playing second fiddle. We lack the wisdom to take in the whole drama, to see the

beauty of the humble parts, to know that the fair lady a-glitter with jewels is not invariably the leading lady, that sometimes the poor Goose Girl who never has a chance even to get into a clean frock has the part to be coveted.

In Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" the great actors will not play the part of the martyred emperor. Rather would they play Brutus or the civilian orator Anthony.

In "The Merchant of Venice" they will not play the merchant but choose to be Shylock, the tortured, humble Jew. It is his speech and crass costumes that give them opportunity for character delineation.

Wise is the man who can look deep enough into his life to see that the stage setting is worth but little. It is the way we do our part that counts.

"Give the marshal stage center," said the great Henry Irving when rehearsing "Robespierre." "I can be seen on the side."

The wise man seeks glory in opportunity.

Great generals do not look for easy battles. It is the difficult things that they seek to conquer. They seek to break the strength of the foe.

Every difficulty conquered is a source of joy and pride after the stress of the struggle is over.

Where is the pioneer who has not gloried in the little red school house, the symbol of the frontiersman's battle for betterment?

Hard time experiences are always the most enjoyable conversation in the comfort of after dinner company among men who have really known what it is to rest from battle. It is pleasant to them to contemplate that they have triumphed with the strength that came from resisting. The man who never had to do anything never has anything to tell.

It's the ne'er-do-well who has to lean upon the stories of what he is going to do, never what he has done.

The fellow who whines for an easy life, who is sure he could hold a big job if only he had the right sort of introduction and who is too good to play unless he can play in the spotlight may clamor for applause but he stands a slim chance of getting it. Applause goes to the fellow whose work deserves it,—not the fellow who is waiting for it.

The appetite for applause is an early evidence of weakness. Big men do not mind the opinions of their contemporaries. They are too busy minding their business.

"What do I care what the critics say," said Richard Mansfield, "I never read them,—what do

they know about acting? It is the real actors who teach them what acting really is."

The great players are too engrossed in what they are doing to bother much about how they look.

The ballet dancer needs her spangles but Sarah Siddons could play without them.

THE LIGHT MAKER

I WAS groping my way across the street intersection which was hidden in the pitch blackness of a moonless midnight when I was startled by the rattle of the dead arc-lamp above me. Then I heard the creak of the pulley that held it and I knew that somewhere close to me in that dark stillness was a man feeding out the rope to lower the lamp to the street level. I waited and watched. Presently a flash lamp was laid on the ground and revealed the lame lamp and its doctor.

The flash lamp resting on the ground served the civilian as it serves the crook, concentrating its light on the job at hand. By the dim reflection of its glare upon the globe I saw him place a platform which he presently mounted and then went to work.

Walking toward him I announced my approach by the inquiry, "I suppose that step you are standing on is insulated?"

"Yes," he replied.

"With glass knobs?" I observed, and then by way of making conversation to glean a morsel of electrical information I added with a touch of pride in finding handy even a commonplace tech-

nical term, "About what is the voltage of that lamp?"

Of course I gave myself away. There was no electrical education back of such a query. So I was told about twice as much as used for electrocution in the death chair.

"Stand back a little," he said. "The wind might sweep the lamp over to you, and you're on the ground."

"I suppose you're perfectly safe on your platform?" was my next feeler.

"Safe as long as I use but one hand at a time," he said. "By using two hands I can easily make the short circuit through my body."

"That would kill you, of course," I added knowingly.

"Maybe not," he replied. "It happened once. Up to a certain voltage the current will hold you fast; that will burn you."

He tried to talk in terms I could understand, so continued by saying:

"It isn't the instant shock that kills but the continued shock. The current cooks the blood cells. If enough of the blood cells become so cooked that the other cells cannot cure them, you die. But if most of your blood cells are left normal you will live. I short-circuited a current that was three

times the voltage here. It was so great that instead of holding me it repelled me; it threw me to the ground. I was unconscious many hours. But as you see I was not killed. The burning process did not last long enough."

And then the brilliant light came back into the lamp and he fastened on the globe; stepped off his platform; picked up his kit; and walked for the rope that pulled the lamp aloft to its place of duty.

"Does this street meet with Jenifer down there?" he said, pointing to an arc a block below.

"No," I told him, "that's a block further down."

"A bad lamp is reported there. I am not much acquainted about this district. I am a student, working my way. This is a new run for me. Good night," he said, and he was off to lighten up the dark highways of men.

I didn't learn much about electricity in that curb talk in the midnight hour but I learned again the scholar's duty.

He is a wasteful student who does not use that which he knows for the benefit of other men. It is the soldier scholar who serves, and who justifies the universities of the world. The man who finds in culture only a source of self-gratification, who is content with the mere possession of culture, who is not impatient to use it, who is unwilling to take

the risk of getting short-circuited in the currents of life that he might while he lives do his part to light up the dark avenues of the world, is not living true to the highest purposes of life. He serves a high purpose seen on high who goes about alone, cautious, but fearless, doing the high service of spreading light in this still dark and troubled world, giving it without the applause of those who profit by it, who never see the good deed done.

Along the dark and silent pathway in that midnight hour that student was putting into practice the highest preachment in life. Willingness to do some good unseen, some good that brightens the pathway of others is the soldier service open to all.

If each of us would mend a lamp or light a lamp, risk a little to do a little for the common good, this old world would fast grow better and seem much brighter.

THE ROAD TO ALTRURIA

EVERY child is loved for its helplessness. When it matures it is loved for its helpfulness. The selfishness that becomes youth tarnishes manhood. The babe reaches out to bring everything to itself from the milk mug to the moon. The man who still holds to the confiscatory spirit of babyhood is despised because he is still so much a baby that he fails to take his place in the ranks of real men.

The child lives in a world of romance and riches. He is engaged in commerce with the fairies of fortune. The birds speak to him understandingly. The winds sing to him at night. The fluttering butterfly is made captive in the hope that the child may own the wonderfully spangled wings. But when the gold of the wings is rubbed off, it has lost its rare beauty and the bruised creature dies in the hand. The child learns that the greed which soils becomes abuse, and abuse makes that which is beautiful hideous.

Youth fancies that the purple and pink of the rainbow rest in a jar of gold, and he sets out on the road to Golconda. He finds it a long road, and experience teaches him that Altruria and not Golconda is the goal of life's path. It is on this road

he finds that true wealth is not gained in what he can gain for himself but in what he can do for others. So he comes to manhood.

Through the ages mankind has been traveling the road from Golconda to Altruria.

Time was when the man who could gain most for himself became the master over men.

The conqueror who could confiscate the most territory, who could hurl farthest the boundaries of his country, claimed the throne and wore the crown.

Time was when the master pilot was the pirate who sailed the seas to steal cargoes of frail ships with weaker crews.

Time was, and perhaps still is, when "statesmen," child-like, coveted the gold on butterfly wings, and were content to kill to acquire.

Time was, and perhaps still is, when men thought of their country as a great field of rich resources for individuals to battle for and confiscate; when men believed in the right of might, "to the victor belong the spoils," and despised as radical, unreasonable and progressive the thought of common welfare and common wealth.

And yet we march, march on the road to Altruria, from childish ideals to manly ideals; from childish coveting to paternal purposes.

It is a long road to Altruria but it grows more wonderful and more good as we proceed along its ever enriching path. Men and states grow better, become more loving and more loved, as they reach the ideals of service and the fulfillment of helpfulness.

THE GENTLEMAN

TO be a true gentleman a man must be no less under all circumstances and at all times. Your employment, your pay envelope, the location of your home offer no excuse for rudeness or crudeness. Nothing can excuse vulgarity.

Every man, everywhere, has the right to be a gentleman. Accident may have robbed him of an education; disaster may have temporarily blocked his advancement, but neither education nor money is necessary to good behavior. An embossed coat-of-arms is no insignia of a gentle and generous soul. The mud flats of Illinois produced a greater gentleman than ever set foot in either Windsor castle or the Potsdam palace.

Courtesy, consideration, self-control have nothing in common with either money or monograms.

Courtesy and unselfishness are habits, not an inheritance. A boy is not born a gentleman; he must make himself that.

Noble minds are those with clear thoughts, constancy and fidelity. Prejudice does not warp their vision. Lies do not distort their truth. Thoughtlessness and malice are things apart from the gentleman.

The noble man will not belittle the labor of another because of any personal equation; no more will he unduly exaggerate the value of the work of those near and dear. The noble mind recognizes the honest weight of worth.

The gentleman is never a snob. He claims the right only to choose as his close associates those who understand, who sympathize, who are true. Because he cannot embrace all within that circle, he does not therefore judge others alien or inferior.

He knows that dress does not make the man; he delves beneath the shabby coat, the worn boot. He finds there worth and stability.

An educated man does not necessarily imply an intelligent man. Anyone can amass a vast bulk of facts and be called educated. But actual acquaintance with the facts investigated endows man with an intelligent, sympathetic knowledge.

A man may be a cultivated scholar by training, but he is an intelligent creature by instinct. Intelligence is the result of a moral force.

Money, education, honor, these are pleasant endowments. But no one of them justifies the shirking of a single duty to oneself or to humanity.

The day is gone when he only is regarded as a gentleman who "travels abroad but dwells at home." The day is gone when the old adage holds

that "a gentleman without an estate is a pudding without suet." That was the English idea of a gentleman and it is that English gentleman who has brought England to the very verge of decay. All Europe has suffered from the same identical nonsense. Empires have crumbled and political powers faded into an ignoble decay simply because they did not know what a gentleman was.

The American gentleman is the son of his own deserts, a man of manners. Money neither makes nor mars him. The modern gentleman is the man who has come to think well of himself by thinking well of others, who has learned how to help himself by helping others, who fights not to own but to share, not to suppress but to liberate.

Character is the gentleman's charm.

A PATRIOTIC GENTLEMAN

AS Lincoln stands pre-eminent as the American good fellow, so does George Washington stand pre-eminent as the American gentleman. This does not mean that Lincoln was less a gentleman than Washington; it merely means that Washington more than Lincoln possessed some of the attributes which tradition has attached to the name gentleman.

Washington was a man of estate—by no means an essential of a gentleman but always the happy embellishment of one.

Washington was a man of manners, the kind of manners which ornament conventional deportment. Whether in a ballroom or at his own hospitable banquet board at Mount Vernon, his beautiful home of magnificent simplicity set in scenes of surpassing beauty, he was always a splendid figure of graceful dignity. But these are but the superficial measures of this matchless gentleman.

The words of St. Paul have been paraphrased to describe him: "A gentleman suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not himself and is not puffed up; doth not behave himself unseemly; seeketh not his own; is not easily provoked; and thinketh no evil."

In 1. Cor. xiii, 4, 5, we find the words, "Patience, Humaneness, Absence of Envy, Humility, Courtesy, Unselfishness, Self-Control and High-Mindedness." Add to these qualities Justice, Courage, a Hatred of Monarchy and a Love for Liberty and you find America's first gentleman fully defined.

Study this full definition and you cannot find a quality that may not be possessed by the rich or poor, the great or the humble. There is nothing in these qualities that the millionaire and his fifteen dollar a week clerk may not equally share. We are each of us disciples of the Father of Our Country insofar as we each of us try to emulate these virtues.

Cruelty or envy, selfishness or avarice will quickly build up that arrogance which will destroy these virtues.

Washington worked for you and for me with infinite patience against the trying protest of tories. Many labored diligently to handicap and encumber his labors. Washington set out to fight for our freedom, not with a united people but with a divided people. There were doubters, protesters, those who thought that peace was better, even though our conduct be directed by the dictates of a king across the sea, than that we fight to establish a peace that was glorified in national liberty.

Washington was humane. His heart was ever

warm and generous. His soldiery was never stained with cruelty.

Washington was without envy. He rose above men without seeking to bring them down from their high places. He withstood, with Christian patience, the hate of those who envied him.

Washington had humility. Petty natures are disposed to puff up with pride. It is the little office holder who usually feels biggest. Washington never coveted prominence. He never struggled to climb into office. He sought office only to render service. He declined a crown.

Like the rarely great man he was, he never thought himself great and died without the slightest knowledge of how great he was or in what esteem he would live.

Washington was dominated by courtesy and consideration.

Washington knew not selfishness. He was never concerned about his own advantage, giving more thought to his country's welfare than to his plantations.

Washington was wonderfully self-controlled. So perfect was his poise, so sure was he of his convictions, so much did he trust his own courage that those who would throw stones at him were forced in the end to flee by the strength of the growing

army that turned to him, looked to him and stood with him as the great Gibraltar of the untried western world.

Washington was high-minded. He made no compromises that encumbered future generations. His ideals were to be put to the test of succeeding generations. His mental attitudes made it possible for him to see above the low ranges about him and far out upon the distant horizon of future centuries.

Washington was so just that he could not compromise with wrong. He would yield to no demand that narrowed down the rights and liberties of his countrymen.

Washington was so courageous that he could hold the destiny of all America through the waning faith of a pitiless winter in Valley Forge.

Washington would rather fight than be ruled by a crown. With Patrick Henry he would rather have death than be robbed of his liberties by a king across the sea.

Washington believed that it was possible to build up a government that would be ruled by gentlemen and not by selfish men, that would be governed by men who would think in terms of common wealth and not of individual wealth, a

government that would think in terms of democracy not in terms of monarchy or autocracy.

These were the contemplations, the hopes, the aspirations of a real gentleman in the truest and noblest sense of the term. That is why today, as more than a hundred years ago, we speak of him as first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

There is but one way to honor this great Patriot-Gentleman, EMULATE HIM.

MINUTE MEN

NEAR historic Concord, in a little circle of green before a rude bridge that arches the flood and terminates an abandoned road, stands the statue of an historic man. It is the image of the Minute Man, he who like Cincinnatus of old stood ready to drop the handles of his plow to go to the defense of his country. He was ready to step out of the furrow to fight, that we might follow that furrow in peace and know that the land we tilled and cultivated was our own.

The Minute Man bequeathed us a priceless heritage. He fought for intellectual, social, commercial and religious freedom. He could not have given more, for he gave his all.

We love and honor his memory today because he stood ready to give up all his personal gain that there might be built up a common good.

He thought not of what he himself could get, but what he could give.

He knew only the pronouns of patriotism.

He threw out of his vocabulary the "I," "My," "Me" and "Mine." He thought in terms of "We," "Us," and "Our." That is the measure of an American, for every real American is a Minute Man.

He is unAmerican who puts self wealth above the common wealth.

The American Minute Man is ever ready to lay aside his personal good for the common good. He believes in democracy; he lives it. He loves the word "Commonwealth." He labors to build up the Commonwealth and ever stands ready, soldier-like, to defend it either with bayonet or ballot.

The fellow who fights for a personal right in defiance of the common right merely takes sides with the poor misguided King who pitted his bright-coated soldiers against the somber and serious embattled farmers who once stood by the rude Concord bridge and fired the shot heard 'round the world.

The Minute Men who made America made the greatest and most glorious nation on the globe. Let him who doubts it look to the uncompromising allegiance to our flag.

It is as easy for all Europe to reconcile itself to, as for us to understand, the desertion of subjects from foreign crowns to become sovereign citizens of our country. The whole world has grown used to seeing the sons and daughters of fatherlands and mother countries across the seas, desert the brilliant banners of their birth to swear allegiance to "The Stars and Stripes Forever." But even Europe is as

surprised as we are shocked to witness an American forswear allegiance to the country the Minute Men made, to bend the knee before a king.

That is why America stands amazed to think that any of her people could covertly divide their devotion between our own flag and another.

One flag and one loyalty has been our legacy.

America is the one great nation in the world to which the children of other countries come, from which her own sons and daughters seldom go.

No country that can boast of an advanced civilization has such a record as this. The reason for it rests in our Minute Men.

Love and loyalty to the flag are measured by the ready grasp of the musket and the powder horn only when a greedy aggressor dares threaten our peace and prosperity.

The hands that are ready to reach for the musket in war are numbered by millions. But the hands that are going to save this nation are those that are alert to dangers within as well as without, those that can detect the tory here as well as the cunning coveter over there. They are the sharpshooters at the ballot box who stand their ground in defense of the people's privileges and rights against those who would shatter the common game for personal gain.

The Minute Men who will conserve America are measured by their citizenship rather than by their soldiery.

Loyalty to the flag in time of peace is the supreme test of patriotism.

It is easier to face fire with a cannon than to face privilege and greed with a conscience.

Peace puts every nation to a greater test than war. It is the peace spirit of a country that provides it with war endurance. The country surest to endure is the one that has made itself most worth fighting for.

America will last as the greatest nation in the world, and her flag as the best loved only so long as her Minute Men live and labor for the common good, fight for the commonwealth and stand together for the pronouns of patriotism as did our Minute Men of a century and a half ago.

MEN WHO STAND ALONE

BECAUSE Napoleon had dreamed a larger dream than all the men about him, because he thought in terms of continents while the greatest of others could do no more than think in terms of provinces, he found himself in the hour of his final fall standing alone on the deck that bore him to his island isolation.

Columbus stood alone when, with no friend but the seas, his great enterprise was given but one more day to live by the shoalbrains who, their feeble faith outworn, stood ready to rob him of the helm.

Like waves, men are afraid to rise above the level of the jostling multitude or to stand with him who dares lift a great idea above the level of the human sea.

So we find the men who have enriched the world and given us our greatest legacies or attempted to do what other men did not dare, have been men forced to stand alone.

There are few who are willing to own him who is without the good opinion of the world.

Truth is forever forced to bear the burden of proof.

The world shies at truth. Never until compelled

will it acknowledge the great pilots who have set sail upon the uncharted seas of new ideas and ideals, and forced their way through the barriers of unbelief.

Each day this world wastes life and energy enough to make realities of our highest hopes as we make gardens of our deserts.

The key to future's fortune is sincerity. The sincere soul is unafraid of solitude.

History honors most, men who have uncomplainingly walked the lonely paths of earth that good might come to those who, in their idle ignorance, doubted.

To have greatly dreamed is nobler living than to have lived without the dreams, for the foundation of a full faith will last to bear the superstructure of the future's insistent need.

Endurance and patience are the passion of all master minds. The thoughtless cries of condemnation from the world's collected doubt will not kill determination.

Throw all the world's brute strength into one cup of the scale, and patience and persistence in the other will surely weigh it down.

Lives of great men through the ages prove that the honest, steadfast adherence to the truth will stand against the whole world's sneering doubt.

A cross was raised on Calvary to prove the simple truth that a single soul is strong enough to battle against the flesh of all mankind.

Life is a mad and thoughtless rush. We move in mobs. He who would direct the mob must rise above it and bear its criticism, even though he may not live to know the worth of his guidance.

The honored and loved Washington was lonely at Valley Forge, and suffered the anguish of defeat in the quest of a noble gain.

Lincoln is loved because he held fast with loving patience to a divided people and to a union that gave strength as against a division that weakened. He held out hope and a helping hand to an imprisoned race that was too weak to lift itself to freedom.

We build our monuments to commemorate those whose ideals triumphed. Not every sailor lives to bring back to his queen the trophies of his triumphs as did Columbus.

He who falls in the race for good or ill suffers for the falling. Like wolves we pounce upon the wounded.

The teller of heroes is Time. It takes courage and conviction to rise above the placid waters of the human seas.

SWAT THE KINGS

WARS will be waged just so long as men worship kings above courts. The great job before the world is to junk the crowns—call the rag man in and tell him to rid the palace of the royal rubbish.

Compared to Pennsylvania, Delaware is a very little country, so small that it has been said it has but two counties when the tide is in and three when the tide is out. If Pennsylvania chose, she could any day climb over the fence and wallop the life out of her little neighbor. But she doesn't do it, she doesn't want to do it, it never even occurs to her that she might do it. Why? Because neither is encumbered with a jealous king. Both little Delaware and big Pennsylvania respect and look to common courts.

Kings are the biggest pests that ever infested the globe. They weigh no more than other men; they measure no bigger; they are no better looking and they haven't, on the average, as much brains as our best men. All they have is a traditional superstition with which they "buffalo" the people.

They are hornets on the face of the globe, bothersome little bugs that buzz about, busy themselves with other people's business and try to sting any

fellow that gets in their way. The world is getting wise. It is getting ready to swat them.

The chief concern of kings is to annex territory and multiply armies, to protect the superstitious rights of heritage that their petty sons may, as they have done, strut about as the big boss and bow to no one.

Every ship that goes into the port of Philadelphia has to pass by little Delaware. Delaware is too busy with cranberries and peaches to even think of effecting a blockade on Pennsylvania's over-seas commerce. The mere thought of it is enough to make an American smile.

We are states and not kingdoms because we have governors chosen by the people and not kings who inherit their crown through a cheap and silly superstition that the people are too stupid to rule themselves.

We are a United States because we have a common Parliament, a Congress, a President whom we can retain or get rid of every four years as we like. We have a Supreme Court to which all disputes may be appealed. If Illinois and Wisconsin get into a quarrel over shipping privileges and shipping rights an interstate commerce commission referees the scrap. The Wisconsin national guard is not called out to shoot and bayonet the Illinois na-

tional guard and attempt in so doing to settle an industrial and commercial quarrel by soldiers and sailors.

The officer in gaudy uniform is a relic of the barbarous past. He is the hand-me-down of the king's bodyguard. Time was when the strong man by strength of his muscle and personality and the daring of his deeds became the leader of his tribe. He became king by compelling his men to choose him. He surrounded himself with an armed guard for protection. He grew jealous of the strength of other tribal kings, jealous of anybody who owned land or attempted to rule over any domain no matter how small.

Covetousness captured him so strongly that he strengthened his guards—that he might capture that which he coveted. He would then make both a frightful noise and a frightful showing. If he conquered a tiny tribe he annexed the conquered guard to his own. Pretty soon he had a little army and a little kingdom, which he willed to his son.

So kingdoms came. That is all there is to the kingdom business and the dynasty nonsense.

Kingdoms grew into empires. Little retail wars have grown into great wholesale wars. Frightfulness has been developed into a magnificent hellishness.

Commercial considerations have been trampled under foot and men have been murdered by the millions simply because kings have grown afraid of the growth of democracy. They are afraid that the hereditary rights of their sons may not be recognized, that dynasties may die and the world may free itself from the shallow superstition that allows a king to reign.

The greatest economic problem in the world to-day is not the traffic problem, whether the government or private capital shall operate our railroads; it's not centered in a coal combination or questions of corporation control; the greatest economic problem before the world is the right of kings to rule the system of government that permits jealousy of empire to go into the beastly, brutal, barbarous game of butchering men by the millions.

The Chicago River used to be so famous for its filth that there was a riddle,—“Why is a man drowned in the Chicago River like a line of kings?” The answer was,—“Because he is a dynasty.”

Dynasties have been the sewers of civilization.

Chicago got rid of her polluted river by an engineering operation that made it flow the other way, flooding it with the pure waters of the mighty Lake Michigan.

So will the world turn the tide, open up the wing-gates, let the pure waters of true democracy in and wash the dynasties away.

Get rid of our kings and the cheap tinselled jealousy that goes with crowns and we will make possible international courts and a Federation of the World which will make a war between Germany and the rest of the world look as absurd as a war between Pennsylvania and New York; which will make Belgium feel as safe and as much at ease as Delaware.

The great business before the world today is to swat the kings.

BARNACLES

BUNK AND JUNK are the two great impediments to progress. It is as important to know how to get rid of things as to get things. In running a race he has the advantage who carries the least load. In rigging a yacht for a race the skipper studies his boat to see what he can cast off rather than what he can take on. We accumulate things that we think are essential to our convenience and comfort only to find in the course of time that they encumber.

Sylviculturists tell us that it helps rather than harms a tree to occasionally root up and replant it in its early years. The roots become trained to concentrate. Concentration is the first essential step to success. He who dissipates his powers is on the sure road to disappointment.

The captain who permits the hull of his ship to become barnacle-coated may order just as much power in his engine-room as the ship whose hull is free and clean, but he does not make as much speed. Ships are put in dry-docks and the barnacles scraped from their hulls that the power of the propeller may be used to the fullest in driving the boat ahead rather than dissipated by pushing against a wasteful resistance.

When a household is confronted with the irksome task of moving it is always surprised at its accumulation of useless things. Out from the closets and store-rooms, cellar and attic, workshop or library comes a van-load of accumulation to torment the mind that is to decide whether it shall be kept to be coated with another accumulation of dust or thrown away that the housecraft may take a clean, smooth start.

To get away from his accumulated baubles Thoreau once built a rude cabin in Walden Wood where he might work with his mind freed from the sight of diverting things. Finding a beautiful stone he brought it into his cabin as a solitary ornament, but when he found he had to frequently dust the stone to keep its beauty present he threw the stone away.

The experienced traveler travels light. He sees the Coliseum by moonlight while the other fellow is out on the still hunt for his trunk.

Despair is the reward of every attempt to carry too heavy a load. The beauty of life is found not in the abundance of things we possess but in the worth of the things we hold to—the worth they represent to us in our living.

We are prone to go through life with an unconscious accumulation of barnacles, dragging a

worthless weight through the waters we should be eager to traverse with speed that we may know the world and be of use in it.

The will determines our progress; freedom and slavery are both acts of the will. He is free who lives stripped of the barnacles of inertia; he is a slave who falls into that which he would avoid.

Hamper a man and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, his capacity.

Wise men get rid of all impediments. The thoughtless and the foolish spend much good energy in acquiring things they soon wish they were rid of.

That which is true of things is also true of thoughts. You abuse rather than use your years when you carry around a load of ancient principles which, through the wear of time, have been worn to mere prejudices. It is only the free mind like the free hull that can hope to keep pace with progress.

MONEY

A YOUNG man who recently inherited a mammoth fortune, speaking of what his friends called his "good fortune," said, "It is not all the 'good fortune' it seems to be. With it has come a sense of responsibility that weighs and worries. Moreover, I no longer hold the place among my friends that I used to hold and want to retain. They envy me, and envy isolates. I cannot associate in the same old way. If I entertain my friends moderately I learn that I am accused of being miserly. If I entertain them lavishly I know they must feel that I put them beyond the hope of reciprocating courtesies. I find my money is putting my friends to the test quite as much as me. I am anxious to use my money for the good of others, not alone for my good. Those who can share that thought with me and help me in that desire are few. My 'good fortune' has built a wall about me."

Money is the insignia of labor. It represents the investment of brawn and brain. He who wastes it wants. He who squanders it upon his own pleasures and pastimes is forced to feel the waste even though his resources be so inexhaustible that he may never feel the pinch. Man's worth is measured by his earnest eagerness to help others.

Money is opportunity. He who is given oppor-

tunity and will not use it is no better than he who covets opportunity that he may abuse it. They who use their money merely to seek pleasure find their gain hollow and disappointing, but they are no worse than the pinched poor who covet money that they may pursue such a course, and curse the lot that chains down their selfishness.

The closest personal adviser of one of the richest men in America recently told us that his friend, whose income was over half a million dollars a day, needed no counsel in the game of getting, but he eagerly sought help in the game of giving. To help men without hurting them was the problem which perplexed him.

The money which comes without labor and goes without being consecrated with the thought of the good it may do is counterfeit.

We want money because we want power. Money is power. It means liberty, the emancipation from the curse of poverty. Idle money is idle labor.

Money reveals character. It emphasizes its possessor's limitations or capacities. It makes him useful or useless.

Give money full and free circulation and like water it runs pure. It harms only him who misuses it. It leaves him who abuses it stranded without the respect of men.

The art of right giving is a higher art than that of right getting.

"Do I live for myself or for others,—am I altruistic or egotistic,—am I merely my own keeper or am I my brother's keeper?"—these are the problems which money forces us to face; and we face them just as squarely with four thousand a year as four millions a year.

The wise use of money is not always the emotional use. He who makes wise use of money becomes his brother's keeper best by giving opportunity rather than alms.

It is good to feed bread to the hungry, but it is better to find out why they are without bread, to help them get their own bread rather than give them your bread.

The highest philanthropy is more than charity. The curse of the world is poverty. The great war of the twentieth century is going to be the war against poverty. So long as money represents the product of labor the getters and givers of money will find their opportunity for happiness only through the privilege of enlarging the markets of labor, rightly rewarding labor and giving just return to them who invest their brawn and brain for the good of their brothers as well as for the good of themselves.

THE MEASURE OF VIRTUE

LIFE is like a river flowing between the shores of time. Whatever changes develop, moves forward, gives evidence of life. Some men, floating like chips and observing the shores and the path over which they have been forced to come, seem to think they are moving forward by their own propelling power. The real builder of progress, the pilot who finds the channel, ventures to drive ahead by positive action. He is not content to drift, a negative floater, peaceful in living death.

Live men climb into the pilot-house of their craft, seize the wheel, order their engine full speed ahead and then pick their course. They are the possessors of wisdom and courage.

The thoughtless of the present are prone to praise negative virtue, but the thoughtful of the future will speak only the names of those now living who had the power to use positive virtue.

The old type blustering demagogue used to prattle on the platform about how he never would take a drink, or if he did how he went into the saloon by the front door as if that were exceedingly manly; he would tell you that he always paid his bills and that his business word was good.

What kind of a man would he be if it were not

good? It is a commonplace primary virtue not to gamble or repudiate debts.

The mediocre politician will always list the things he does NOT do. The statesman, the real leader, the captain whose name will be spoken by future generations because he is the pathfinder who passes the floaters and drives ahead into the realms of future years, lists those things which he DOES rather than those which he avoids doing.

What a man does to help or harm himself is of little concern to the world, but what he does to help or harm the many is of much concern.

Edward Everett Hale told us that many a "fat-head" has gained a reputation for being "safe" simply because he didn't have brains enough to play anything else but "safe." To illustrate, he tells of a man he knew who acquired a local reputation for virtue among the thoughtless because he was always telling how careful he was to protect his own body from alcoholic and other harms. Among the same people he established a reputation for wisdom because in the legislative chambers where he held a seat he confined his public utterances to two speeches, one, "There has been so much said and so well said that I can add nothing"; the other, "I quite agree with the gentleman on the other side of the house."

Very broad, liberal and convincing, this chap!

Put negative goodness on the scale that weighs virtue and you will find the index finger on the dial has not left zero. The virtue that weighs has force, passion, fire, resolution, determination, GO.

Virtue is measured by one's eagerness to save not alone himself but others, not to keep himself alone in the channel of the stream but to bring the driftwood of the edges into the current as well.

The makers of progress are they who try to help others progress.

A mediocre mind can say, "Me too." A weak mind can say, "I don't." It takes a strong mind to say "I DO" and "I WILL." It takes a great man to hold a great idea and to lift it up that all may see it.

Progress is not affected by the derelict but by the driver in whose heart is found the passion not for one man's preservation but for all men's, not for advantage, but for justice; who is not concerned about what the world may think of him but about what he thinks of the world, who is eager to do for others rather than have others do for him.

FOOLS

THE worth of wise men is measured by their contrast with fools. Wise men recognize worth in others but the fool sees virtue only in himself. It is the fool who thinks nothing right but that which he himself has done. And the fool never admires himself so much as when he commits a folly.

It is a fair performance that makes the wise man glad; but a fair promise is enough to make a fool merry. Yet the fool always comes short of his reckoning.

Fools are as different as faces; there is never a fool but can find a greater fool than himself.

The fool is full of words and the fool who holds his words and declines to use his tongue often passes for a man of wisdom, for nothing looks so much like wisdom as silence. How wise the owl looks! How foolish the parrot's tongue.

Every fool wants to give advice, though it is the fool who always refuses to take advice.

Fools are much more given to denial than to assertion. Knowledge is needed to create and sustain a constructive work. It is always left to the ignorant to scoff.

A fool can deny more in an hour than all the philosophers can prove in a hundred years.

Wise men study the achievements of men, leaving fools to herald the follies, faults or failures of others, for it is only a fool who thinks that another does not think, and it is the fool who finds fun in tormenting the fellow who has honestly tried.

Wise men learn how to labor alone; but the fool needs company and he who would be a fool finds many to help him.

When confronted with the achievements of wise men, the fool can go no farther than to say, "Who would have thought it," still believing that nothing is well done that he has not himself done.

An old Danish song reminds us that "There is no need to fasten a bell to the fool for he is sure to tell his own tale."

No art can make a fool wise; and in nowise can a fool create an art.

One fool can ask more questions than all wise men can answer. But the fool cannot answer the simplest questions of the wise.

Wise men fix for themselves a goal in life. The fool is always planning on how he will begin. One sees an end and sets out for it, the other is looking for a start but never starts because he has no notion what he is going to start for.

The wise man plans on how he shall end. The fool ends at the beginning.

If the fool stumbles onto good fortune he is just as sure in the next step to stumble over it.

A closed mind is the first evidence of the fool's folly. Wise men change their minds but a fool never does. He is "sot." Wise men think all they say but fools say all they think.

Fools have their uses. When they toy with wisdom they sometimes convert it into wit. Wise men know they do not know it all but fools are sure they do. The wise man knows the fool but the fool does not know the wise man.

Wise men seek wisdom but the fool never seeks that which he is sure he already possesses.

Wise men learn by other men's mistakes; the fool, if he learns at all, learns only through his own mistakes, for all that others do is to him folly. Hence wise men learn more from fools than fools from wise men.

Because wise men know fools better than fools themselves, the wise man always best plays the fool's part and is favored above the fool himself for the king's jester.

The fool's fun has its place in the world's work as well as in the world's play. Wisdom is richer when touched with folly and folly becomes good when guided by wisdom.

MAN

MEN covet no higher compliment than to be called a MAN. Weak men entreat; strong men command. The measure of greatness is the capacity to guide with gentleness.

Man is the supreme creature of imagination. The beaver has industry; the dog love and loyalty; but man employs imagination and directs or suppresses the labor of all other creatures as they may serve or obstruct his purpose.

Man is the superlative power because he pits his mind against matter, ever attempting to harness and put to use the great forces upon the earth. He is the only animal that has risen to the heights of prophecy and he compels the prophecies of one age to become the realities of the next.

Men are measured not by muscle but by the use they make of muscle. It takes a good head as well as a good arm to plow a field or shape iron on the anvil.

Men are measured by the use they make of knowledge; not by how they are trained but by what they can do with their training.

Great men profit by the accumulated experiences of the past and bequeath their interpretation of achievements to those who follow.

The world has produced but few Michelangelos, Miltons, Newtons and Shakespeares, but they have lived to show us to what supreme heights man may rise when he drinks at the fountain of the world's ripest experiences. They have shown us that one man may concentrate in one channel the forces of many channels.

The history of mankind is the story of the investment of sincerity and faith; of failures and disappointments, that like buried acorns rise into mighty forests.

The man's part is not to measure the passing worth, but the ultimate worth of a labor that is dedicated to an ideal—to a service pursued with might and main.

The true man builds his life around the core of divinity within him as the vine climbs the lattice to lift its blossom high.

Man is like a tree in that he is planted to bear fruit. Like a tree, if he is to bear fruit, he must invest himself in the land on which he is accustomed to stand. If transplanted, he must invest himself in the new land and take root there or he fails to bear the fruits that are prized.

A man without a country is as sad a sight as a tree with naked roots exposed on desert soil. And

it is as impossible for a man to claim two countries as for a tree to claim two orchards.

All men are self-made men. It is a common practice to regard as self-made only that man who curried the doctor's horse to go through college, or who boastfully hands out the joke worn threadbare of having graduated from the college of Hard Knocks. And you sometimes wonder why he wasn't knocked harder. The test of manhood comes not in preparation but in performance.

Affluence is no less a handicap than adversity. The rich may perform the noblest part no less than the poor. The world does not measure a man by his money but by the use he can make of money—by the way he invests himself.

Booker T. Washington told us that it is a great privilege to belong to an ascending race because the man who attempts to scale the Alps of nobility clasps hands with the world's best men. It is the world's noblest who are always reaching down to help up the fellow who is below. It is left to the shallow to sneer.

The real man will not wantonly walk on a worm nor crouch before an emperor.

Because it is human to err, no just man condemns any man for one misstep or faulty action. It is the

accumulation of deeds put into the balance that fixes a man's worth to the world.

Only a fool is consistent. The wise man is not afraid to make mistakes, to own his mistakes and to correct them. The open mind is the road to wisdom.

A good man, like a good dog, never has to rest on pedigree.

A man is honored as he gives worth to his word and they live longest whose deeds endure beyond stone.

THE WOMAN'S PART

MASCULINE virtues are best expressed in primitive society. The cave-man was the incarnation of brawn and physical courage. The strongest muscled and most accurate sighted of the tribe was pre-eminent. Life was simple. All it asked of man was to provide in any way for himself and his immediate family. The families of his nearest neighbors were his prey as legitimately as those of some far distant tribe. Toward his neighbor's child or aged father he felt no obligation.

Construction or conservation were not part of his scheme of protection. As a mighty hunter he was a ruthless destroyer.

It is not in man's valor or hunting prowess that we find the dawn of civilization. It was in the rude feminine arts of antiquity that civilization had its birth. The virtues of the cave-mother have come down the ages with ever-increasing lustre.

Through the care of her helpless young, her heart opened and her mind grew keen. In the long tedious climb to better things that started with her first beginnings of order, she had to drag her husband with her rather than follow his lead.

Civilization has grown through the so-called feminine virtues. Throughout the ages woman has

been the constructive, conserving force. Man has taken on the feminine attributes as the race has advanced.

The whole rise of civilization has been a striking demonstration of the worth and dignity of the so-called "woman's sphere."

The rude tree-branch with which the cave-wife, following her first impulse toward order and neatness, brushed out the bones and debris from her cave floor evolved into the household broom which she wielded mightily and now is scarcely to be recognized in its later magnificent manifestation of vacuum cleaners and street sweepers, "white wings" and all which make up one whole and very important department of municipal housekeeping.

The first finicky woman who wiped away the dust from her primitive household treasures little realized the lesson of sanitation and sterilization that she was teaching to her children's children's children.

The cave-wife made garments to protect her family from cold. To protect her babies' feet against the thorns of the hillside she bound them with the hides gathered by the hunter husband. And lo! she has given impetus to smoking factories and a whole train of attendant economic results. She was the first fashion maker.

Her awakening mind sought some means to preserve the day's excess of food for tomorrow's need. A new industry is launched, one which gives employment to thousands, and adds not only comfort but luxury to the lives of millions more.

Then the growing tenderness of the cave-woman began yearning over less tenderly cared for children than her own. Within himself her husband found the same impulse growing. The small refinements of their life proved a great mass of common needs with others near them—needs that had never been apparent in the old tooth and claw stage of their living.

They found their children could play unharmed only as they extended their protection to other children; their limited domain could be safe and orderly only as they guaranteed safety and order to the domains of their neighbors.

Liberty and self-government could be theirs only as they gave it to others. The inevitable law of reciprocity began to win faint recognition.

The best modern city is the absolute evolution of the old cave-home. The cave-mother with her first dull glimmerings of intelligence set every one of its complex activities in motion.

The evolution and perfection of our cities is but an outgrowth of our improved individual homes.

The housewife has taught the world the great lesson of brotherhood and mutual dependence.

Civilization has meant the assumption of feminine attributes by the civic world.

The characteristics of manhood and womanhood have merged in these long ages until neither the hunter husband nor the housewife can or cares to claim the exclusive right to their traditional qualifications.

Man is not ashamed to have taken on the tenderness, the orderliness and the conserving attributes of his help-mate. And she in turn has learned that bravery, muscle and aggressiveness are not incompatible with her nature.

JUST JUNK

IN one of his delightful little essays my friend, the late Elbert Hubbard, tells of finding a horseshoe on the highway. Good luck had met him at every turn on his afternoon stroll. He picked up his good luck finding and went his way only to be surprised a little further at finding another horseshoe which increased his delight. Twice "good luck" had found him. And on he went to find a third horseshoe. "Good luck" was surely all his that day.

But when he found the fourth and the fifth and the sixth horseshoe along the road that which at first filled him with delight brought dismay. He was having more good luck than he could carry. And when he found a wagon down the road filled with old horseshoes from which those he had collected had spilled over the tailboard he realized that after all his emblems were only junk. Here is where he leaves his parable. Too many tokens are a burden. An over-promise runs into default. A little of anything seems good but too much dims the joy.

But let us look at the load of junk from the material point of view. By making it wholly material you can weave it back into real value and find again the better spiritual lesson.

We once knew of an old iron collector. He drove his wagon about back alleys picking up just junk. He cried out "Ol-ine" as he went and housewives took their old iron from their cellars and he gave them small coin in cash payment for their junk. He dumped his "Ol-ine" in an empty lot until it became a community menace, an unsightly mountain of rust—just junk—and the people began to protest. When at last the mound became as high as the modest prairie hill a buyer from an iron foundry waited upon our junk collector, after an earnest conversation made a settlement and the pile of junk disappeared.

Where the junk pile once stood a graceful bit of architecture moulded itself into the shape of a cosy home, a thing of beauty and the old "Ol-ine" collector retired on what to him, and within the bounds of reason for any man, was a plenty.

Junk is not without its value. Because a thing has been used and cast aside it has not lost its worth. Science is finding that there is no such thing as waste. Elements may change but in some form elements continue. And the iron which has once gone through the furnace fires, even though it may lie idle on a pile collecting unsightly rust, is worth more than the pig iron whence it came. By repeated burning, iron is refined into steel; by repeated

burning, steel is refined until, in the course of succeeding fires, comes the super-refined steel which we use in the watch spring. That steel is worth more than its weight of gold and one time it was just junk.

We observe a pile of old tin cans; rubbish we say. But we are blind. There is no real rubbish.

Rubbish has come to mean to us something of no worth. Yet everything somewhere in some way has worth or value. But you must have eyes with which to see, a mind illumined with the imagination which only knowledge can create. The junk man was wiser than those who sneered at his pile. He could see not only a worth but a future beauty that others failed to see.

The tin in those battered, filthy old cans is recoverable in the acid bath of the chemist, and can be put to new uses.

In the war-time junk pile iron scraps were salvaged and turned into shrapnel, and that shrapnel helped to defeat the armies of tyranny. That which looked like worthless rubbish helped to save your liberties and mine.

Remember the junk that served the cause of freedom. The junk pile that could serve the cause of war, can also serve the cause of peace, and through

the fires of industry work its way into the structure of a better and more refined world.

Old iron is recovered and used over and over again. The war taught us how to conserve much besides that we used to throw away as waste. We will not despise our junk piles in days of peace.

The best piece of luck that my late and lamented friend Elbert Hubbard found on that morning's walk was not the first horseshoe that arrested his attention as a symbol of luck, but the wagon-load of horseshoes that symbolized the conservation of resources and the hope of refining a power into a greater power and building a lesser wealth into a better wealth. For riches and good things, beauty and comfort, refinement and power may all grow out of that which the careless, thoughtless, idle eyes see only as just junk.

THE SINGLE PURPOSE

IT is a common practice to blame the world for our individual faults and failures. Nothing is more futile than to criticise circumstances.

Discontent should be commended but discouragement condemned. Strong men are never satisfied with their achievements nor content with their opportunities. Great men are ever eager to do greater things.

Labor cannot rise to success without the yeast of aspiration. The conqueror triumphs because he has learned how to concentrate effort.

Talent is worthless when latent. Talent must be applied to be proven.

Knowledge is nothing unless used. Mere information is never the equivalent of action.

The student who merely absorbs information as a sponge absorbs water is of no more value to the world than the man who would collect keys without any thought of finding locks into which to fit them. The man who picks up knowledge and has no idea what to do with it is as helpless as a man in a canoe without a paddle.

Get a goal. It is the first essential in making a life good. Having a goal, go to it. A single purpose is the first essential of success.

Who wants what he wants when he wants it and wants it bad enough to go after it and keep after it will usually get it.

Fate is a fickle servant. She seldom passes fortune within your reach. You must go to her and get from her whatever may be your due.

Every man is given brains and a backbone with the idea that he will use both. Each is worthless without the other. Wisdom without a spine is about as worthless and helpless as a jellyfish stranded on the beach.

You develop your muscle by contracting it in the application of its powers. You develop your mind by concentrating it on the mastery of a single subject. You cannot spell and multiply in the same breath. Concentration as contraction is a cultivated quality. Some of our greatest inventions have been born in the distracting din of machine shops but where all other activities were lost to the mind and hand that were fixed on the pursuit of a single thing. Silence is essential to the student who is unused to study.

The determined mind defies hindrances as a trained racer will hurdle handicaps.

The disposition of luxury is to weaken. Resistance is essential to development. You do not sharpen your chisel by drawing it across velvet.

The keen edge comes only when ground against the flinty stone.

The soft soul never tackled the hard job. The fellow who is only interested in the chase after comfort never has a keen tool with which to carve out a career that wins the gratitude of men or that succeeding generations will wish to remember.

History has been molded and made by men who had an idea and were willing to endure whatever confronted them in their effort to reach that idea. The fellow who is worth something more than the snap of a finger is the fellow who is not afraid to rub against the flint of the world's resistance.

Put yourself to work to do some worthwhile job and stick to it until it is done. That is the only way to win the success that satisfies.

FAULTS

MOST of us have eyes that see faults in others but become blind when we face the mirror. The greatest fault we can possess is to be conscious of none.

He who is conscious of his faults is gladly forgiven for most of them, for men like their kind. He who is without fault is lonely.

Men are sometimes loved more for their faults than their virtues. Fault is excess. It is as much a fault to over-give as to over-get. Yet it is the generous hand, not the grasping hand that is loved.

There are passing failures in this old world that in the light of time lift up as permanent triumphs. That which seems to be a fault today may blossom into an abiding virtue tomorrow.

Folks are facts. This is the hardest truth for most folks to grasp. There is none of us without our limitations somewhere.

Get out the best that there is in everybody and accept the limitations that we cannot change or control. That is the right game in life.

An old proverb tells us, "He is lifeless who is faultless."

We easily forget those faults which are known only to ourselves and while we are indifferent to

our good qualities, we keep on deceiving ourselves in regard to our faults, until we at last come to look upon them as virtues. That is weakness and weakness is a fault to be feared.

The greatest virtue is not the freedom from faults but the strength, the will, the courage, the character to overcome them.

Among the commonest classification of common faults are cruelty, constant nagging, faultfinding and selfishness.

These make disagreeable men and disagreeable men make a disagreeable world.

Life is what you make it and you make it as you think it.

To a man with a smile the earth is a circus—to the dismal man who lacks cheer the earth is a "sea of troubles."

He who meets others with growls in youth will be greeted with growls in old age.

The man who selfishly refuses aid to the needy should not look for aid when in need.

The first symptom of fault infection is to be unaware of its presence.

Cheerfulness, ambition, sincerity and brotherly feelings are the best medicines—and surest cures.

One fault never justifies another. Some faults indulged in are merely the keys that open the gates to permit greater faults to enter.

A wilful fault has no excuse and deserves no pardon. Bad men excuse their faults while good men attempt to get rid of them.

The foolish man's fault is the wise man's lesson. The weak man who tries to justify his faults by pointing to the lonesome defect in a neighbor is like the sieve that reminded the needle that it had a hole in its head.

Nothing is worth being named a fault except that which injures yourself or harms your helpfulness to others.

Lucky the man who knows his faults—happy the man who labors against them.

Be your own physician—diagnose yourself carefully—seek out your fault germs ruthlessly—do not rest until you kill them. And the way to kill them is to gain that strength and self control that can give a helping hand to others.

IMAGINATION

A GOOD many men before Watt had observed curiously the steam-laden kettle vibrate on the fire. But it took a man with Watt's imagination to recognize that in that kettle was a power which might be harnessed into service.

Others saw the steam engine working but it took the imagination of a Fulton to believe that paddles propelled by this power could drive a boat ahead and not merely splash the wash.

The bromides of Spain laughed at Columbus who had imagination enough to believe that the world was round and who had courage enough in his faith to dare sail on unknown seas against the whole world's unbelief to prove the truth of an idea which had only caused the unknowing world to laugh.

Since man was, he had observed lightning with only wondering awe or fear, until Ben Franklin let his imagination fly with a kite in the storm and the possibilities of electricity were introduced to the world. The telegraph and the telephone that day started on their journey to us.

Scheele observed the change of color on skins exposed to the sun. His imagination brought to us the sun-tracing scheme of duplicating drawings.

To this Daguerre lent his imagination which conceived the idea of recording on a sensitive surface the relative color values of objects definitely focused by a lens. Photography came.

McCormick was laughed at because he imagined that a horse might operate a sickle that could do the work of several men with scythes.

An accident on the Boston and Maine Railroad costing many lives called the attention of a man by the name of Westinghouse to the inadequacy of hand power brakes. He put his imagination to work on the power of compressed air. "Foolish," said the wise ones who always know it all, "such a soft cushion can never stop a train." But his air brake made high speed travel safe.

The man without imagination always has been and always will be the servant of the man with imagination. One creates for the other to operate.

Building castles in the air is not mere idleness. He who would build a palace of stone must first build with thought.

Imagination is the ability to build in the mind. It is the architect, blue print, pile-driver and electric crane of the future. It foresees, plans, carves, builds.

No man can be great who does not use his imagination. Greatness always employs the power to

peer into the future—whether in war, art, industry, invention, science or statesmanship.

But wisdom must always go with imagination. Stupidity turns it into superstition.

The native Veddah of Ceylon, who can count to three and lives a life of ignorance, imagines a devil everywhere.

The boiling kettle that stirred the imagination of James Watt to thoughts of steam power would make a Veddah pray for a week, and it would make the average business man think of nothing but his gas bill.

Exercise the imagination. It will some day bring Mars, Venus and Saturn to us and make this little Earth “the frontyard of the universe.”

It will make the harnessing of Niagara or the digging of Panama or the 42-centimeter guns of war look puny.

He who neglects his imagination allows the key to success to rust.

YOURSELF

OTHERS can bring you up carefully; can give you equipment and education, but at the end there is but one power that decrees for or against your success, and that is yourself.

Stevenson said, "One man I had to make good. Myself. All others I have to make happy—if I can."

Yourself is your direct point of contact with the world and those about you. Yourself is the point that needs study and adjustment because the world by all the laws of physics and metaphysics is bound to react upon you as you affect it.

Were it not for the real serious business of training and bringing the best out of yourself the business of bringing happiness out of this world would be automatic.

As the world has grown complex, more and more study of the relation of each individual to his surroundings has been necessary.

There are certain qualities that belong to you yourself. Your most devoted friend cannot force them on you. Your most relentless enemy cannot take them away. They are far more potent and vital than any extraneous gifts that Fortune or Chance can possibly bring you. They are a free

gift of your inheritance. If you are well endowed with them and also with the fun spirit which will make the most of them, you are a fortunate soul, equipped to meet the world.

If your birth has been niggardly with these qualities, then all your life you work to disadvantage, but if yourself be mostly of the right spirit, you will triumph anyway.

Naught stands between you and the world but yourself.

There are unfortunate, ill-born souls who come into the world with their heritage of self-mastery stolen from them. They are foredoomed to be a drain on humanity and a burden to their fellow men. They may have many gifts of brilliancy and power but they are like a fine and delicate machine that cannot be co-ordinated into productive power.

This is an age of attempt to study oneself with the idea of making oneself of use to others. More and more religions center on the necessity and duty of being right-minded.

You say, superficially, "My duty in this world is to others—not to myself." The truth is, your pre-eminent duty in this world is just to yourself. Only by doing the very highest best for yourself can you do the very highest best for others.

No man can teach mathematics who has not himself mastered mathematics. You can only teach astronomy so far as you have studied the story of the stars.

You cannot hope to make others cheerful until you have made cheerfulness your habit. You cannot give sympathy until you have acquired sympathy.

Not until you have learned how to help yourself can you be helpful to others. The man who is not master of himself cannot hope to be a master over men.

Emerson said that the best thing a boy got out of college was a room to himself.

A measure of meditation is wholesome to the growing soul.

Every wise man, like the wise merchant, knows where he stands because he knows the worth of pause for invoice. Take stock of yourself. If on reviewing your shelves you find your stock of consideration for others be low, or your jars of generosity be empty, get more of those commodities in your storehouse. You need them to make yourself good to yourself and therefore good to others.

The merchant who is well equipped for trade is not afraid to take stock. In his invoice he finds a satisfaction that breeds strength.

It is only the man who is poorly equipped to be good to himself and of service to others who shies at self-study. His timidity is the measure of his need of self-reflection.

SUPERSTITION

WHEN New England was new, witches were the subject of legislative consideration. Knowledge killed that consideration and turned the lawmakers' attention to worthier themes.

Tell the unenlightened that a house is haunted and they will avoid it. They will no more stand by a "Dare" to abide within it than did the old darkey who to prove his bravery agreed to sleep in such an abode and when asked where he had been for the last three days replied that he had been coming back.

Superstition is belief without reason. It is the child of ignorance. It is the strong wall which people build in front of themselves to prevent their own progress.

Children decline to enter a dark room because "There's a bear in there." Turn on the light and the bear is gone—the self-imposed barrier is down and the child enters the room that it has made self-imposed forbidden territory.

It is a common human frailty to be afraid of that which we cannot understand. And no one understands that which he cannot see.

Experience teaches us that the world is full of many things, wonderful things, things that are

helpful, and things that are harmful. Until we KNOW, we are afraid of anything new lest it be harmful. We regard the NEW with doubt just as does the child. We are slow to walk on untried ground.

Mankind is instinctively conservative. He chooses beaten paths. He who will strike into the unknown, who will sail uncharted seas or penetrate an unexplored wilderness becomes just as much a hero among men as the child who braves the dark room becomes a hero among children.

The only cure for superstition is light. Put light into the dark places and fear vacates. We become unafraid because we can SEE.

Experience is education and education is experience. We study that which we do not know that we may be the master of those things which in our ignorance are masters of us.

Light is the great redeemer. Superstition is bred in darkness. It is dissipated at the first full rays of dawn.

The early humans who called themselves the civilized people of their day had not risen to higher standards because of their superstition.

The forests, they thought, were placed before them by a greater power simply to keep them out.

Instead of seeing the lumber and other benefits which the forest held for them they turned away in terror.

That happened countless centuries ago and those people were very ignorant; but we find the same foolish ignorance today.

In Europe we witnessed a great world war where men killed one another with the same kind of brutal anger and savagery that their ancestors displayed. The German people were responsible because with all their boast of being a race of super-intelligence, which was in itself an evidence of their ego-insanity, they willingly and blindly permitted themselves to be led by a crazy kaiser who thought he was born to rule the whole world by "divine right." The poor, ignorant, misguided German people were foolish enough to believe him.

Instead of being the super-race the German people proved themselves to be base, unChristian and uncivilized, believing that it was their right to murder all men who opposed their crusade of conquest and consummate greed. The Germans built up a silly superstition and followed their folly to defeat.

In America we have found men who operate coal mines, railroads and other large industries by

cruel, pitiless means and offer "divine right" as an excuse.

The intelligence of the human race is still similar in many ways to that of our ape-like ancestors and will be until unreasonable superstitions are no longer believed.

We find men afraid to sail to the shores of a new and helpful idea just as Columbus' sailors protested against sailing on to the hospitable shores of an unknown continent.

The world is held back by the masses who cultivate only the tried thing. The so-called "cultured classes" are no exception. Their wisdom looks backward. It is the FORWARD looking men who break down the barriers of superstition and push this old unwilling world ahead.

THE SAINTS OF LOVE

THE heroes of childhood are helpful. When we forget the saints who lived to sweeten the lives of little ones we lose some of the best embellishments of life.

"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things," is a plan of life that is out of date and faulty.

Pity the man whose dignity has put in prison the playful spirit that loves Santa Claus and all his eight reindeer, his big bags filled with wonderful toys, and the chimneys down which he slips to fill the world brimful of joy.

Let us play with the children, nor put away childish play, for in their fancies we find the fineness of life expressed.

Who can tell the little fairy in your house why the Valentine comes to her; what lesson in life it is designed to give; how came we to call it Valentine? He is missing some of the benignant beauties of the accumulation of the ages who cannot tell her the old Roman legend of Valentine, who was arrested and thrown into prison because he became a Christian; how Asterius, who was a very wise man, tried to win Valentine back to paganism; how this man,

Asterius, had a beautiful daughter who was blind ; and how, to prove the worth of his faith, Valentine, in the name of Christ, opened her eyes, whereupon her good father, the rich and wise Asterius, accepted Valentine's faith and with his whole family was baptized.

Valentine, protected by this influential friend, went about doing much good, preaching the gospel, "love one another."

He became the apostle of the message of love in the pagan place and time in which he lived. But all the good he did, all the love he brought to them who were in sorrow, all the light he gave to those who could not see, did not save him from the cruel and cowardly assassin's hand. And on the fourteenth day of February, according to legends of old, this messenger and preacher of love and light passed into another world and to all the ages here below became Saint Valentine.

If the saint of love were honored at least one day in the year by old folks as well as young, if we had a day for serious reflection on the helpfulness of love, as well as a day for the playful passing of pretty sentiments, this old world might be made a little better.

It matters not whether the legend of old Rome be built on truth or fiction, there have been many

Saint Valentines living in all climes and in all times.

We would do little enough to help ourselves if we gave one church day, play day, holiday to honor the saints who taught us the waste of hate and the liberty and light that come to us through love.

It is he who loves that serves. It is he who hates that hinders.

Love dies with indifference. Love CARES.

Love is the lamp light that feeds upon the oil of another's heart. He who is without love for another is lost. Love is the great leveler of mankind.

That piety is worthless which is not sanctified by the pity which is the last consecration of love, for love is ever eager to help them who need love.

Love inspires love. In a world torn to tatters by the heroes of hate we need more saints to spread that preparedness for life which responds alone to love.

No man is loved who loves no man. Love is reciprocal.

Men covet the distinction of being lovers of men. The highest aspiration of the strong is to be remembered as one who loved his fellowmen.

Wise men permit love to be their masters; only fools defy it. Let us then take the day of Saint Valentine not lightly, but seriously and sacredly. Let

us fortify it rather than forget it as an essential day in the calendar of our lives.

All this world needs to make it wholly good is a little more thoughtful, every-day and mature recognition of the life lessons handed down to us by the Saints of Love.

THE PLAYGROUND

LIFE is a serious business, but it ceases to be a well-balanced business unless it is lightened and brightened, sweetened and purified by a wholesome seasoning of mirth and merriment.

Mirth makes, never mars. Mirth ends where mischief begins. Mirth is a medicine; it cures many ills and calms much strife. Mirth is the emergency medicine for melancholy. Mirth is the foundation of fun, for he cannot know fun who has not learned how to be merry.

Merriment is inseparably mixed with play. Play is the great harmonizer of the human faculties. It is the liberator from labor. It is the conservator of moral, mental and physical health. Mirth and motion prolong life.

Cheerfulness keeps daylight in the mind. It fills it with a perpetual serenity. It is a great anti-septic.

Mirthfulness is one of the renovators of the world. The critic whose influence is greatest balances his criticism with good nature.

There is a wagon-load of truth in the old adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. It is just as true that all play and no work makes

Jack not only dull but worthless. Wise men work and play.

Play is a duty. It is the filter through which character is refined.

Play is governed by the same laws that govern work.

Play is the relaxation from the concentration of work. Hence it puts men to test in the life of larger liberty.

At no time does a person show himself for just what he is as when he is at play. It is then he is off guard and whatever of good or bad there is in him is likely to show itself.

The playground is a little world by itself. On it are found all the virtues and faults of the great struggling world of work.

Work is merely a more formal strife than that found in play.

The playground shows the strength or weakness of one's command over himself.

It is as easy, if indeed not easier, for some people to grow angry at play as at work. They become vexed over a trifling loss; they make themselves disagreeable to others. Because of petty peevishness they break up the merriest party with quarrels and spoil the best of sport. Play puts their character to the acid test and finds it overloaded with alloy.

Play is the temper test. It is fun to win a game. It is an art, that only the cultivated know, to lose a game and laugh at the loss, rejoicing, sportsman-like, that the best man won.

Patriotism is nothing in the world but the life lesson of standing together. This is the lesson of the playground. He who cannot lose without blaming everybody on his team—those who played on “his side” in the game—has much to learn before he can, soldier-like, stand shoulder to shoulder to win or lose together for a common good and a common cause.

Selfishness shows itself on the playground. How many there are who always want to have their own way. No matter what others prefer, everything must be just as they say. They are the tyrants of the playground.

Sometimes these tyrants have their way because they are strong, and their playmates are afraid not to do as they wish. Sometimes they have their way because they are weak. They make such an ado when they do not have what they want that the others follow them for the sake of peace. They think they are leaders; they would be chagrined if they knew they were being treated like babies.

Selfishness may show itself in a hundred ways; in thoughtlessness of the feelings of others, in seeking

what is pleasant to one's self without considering any one else, in taking more than one's share of what is pleasant.

Kindness and generosity have their places on the playground. There may be a thoughtfulness for one who is weaker than the rest, or who is a new comer, or whom, for any reason, others may neglect. There is an opportunity to stand up for those who are ill-used. There is a generous sympathy for those who in any way are having a hard time.

There is an opportunity for honesty and dishonesty on the playground. One may cheat in a game no less than in business, and can show honesty no less. Indeed, the term "fair play" is used in regard to the most serious affairs of life. In politics or in business of any kind, we hear it said, "Such a person did not have 'fair play'." In this use of the word we see the standard of play applied to the actual affairs of life.

There is a great opportunity for energy or laziness, presence of mind or carelessness, to show itself on the playground. In training the youth of our country we should be equally anxious about their conduct in play as in work.

THE CRIME OF BLINDNESS

NEW YORK CITY excused itself for putting a million and a half dollars in its Washington Irving High School because the plans included a great auditorium for community use. This auditorium was not to be dark at night but full of light and filled with folks.

Recently a great "Unemployment Night" was held in this common counsel chamber.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper," a famous picture, the gift to the New York Board of Education from Alfred Mosely, the famous English educator, and chairman of the British Educational commission, was hung in this open forum that the people might face the Christ-taught truths that confront us daily in the strife of life.

This picture was hung as a perpetual challenge to the people of a great city, to remind them of their ever present responsibility to society. It was hung there to inspire sympathy and an eagerness to SERVE society as He tried to do. It was hung there for the youth to behold.

This picture shows a group of six derelicts seated on a park bench on the Thames embankment. Three figures are working men of various types; the fourth is a discharged soldier who prefers

sleeping out even in the bitter winter night to parting with the last link that binds him to respectability, viz., the war medal which is seen on his breast; at the extreme right is another unfortunate example, a countryman—with his wife and child—who has tramped in from an outlying district in search of work. All this takes place within a stone's throw of the Savoy Hotel (the lights of which are seen shining in the background), where the rich and frivolous are discussing their costly and dainty supper and the vintage of their wines.

The picture was ordered removed because "it does not harmonize with the plan of decoration in the school"—because the young people in the Washington Irving school "should have all the enthusiasm, the joy and the beauty that pleasant surroundings can give, and there should be no jarring or depressing note."

The point of view found in such objections is a sign of weakness in our educational system—namely, a lack of adaptation in preparing young citizens for life. Shall the boys and girls, soon to become citizens, not be allowed an opportunity to understand the problems with which later they will be obliged to grapple?

"Am I My Brother's Keeper" makes this challenge: This is not such a joyful world; we are not

our brother's keeper—let us face the fact. If the TRUTH shall make us free, let us face the Truth and not haul it down and avoid the lesson of Duty to gain the lesson of Pleasure.

Never until we face Truth, learn to assume individually and collectively our civic responsibilities and indeed become our brother's keeper, can we be called brave and true, patriotic or religious.

Have we a right to confine educational environment only to joy when joy is not yet the dominating note of the masses? Are we such cowards that we are afraid to face the lessons of life mixed in among the masses?

Do we call it EDUCATION to hide the TRUTH and fail to train eyes to see? Shall we hide the world from the youths who are to grapple with it and attempt to pilot its destinies?

When men and women are kept from facing the wrongs of the world they have only the joys of selfishness—a life irreligious and unconsecrated.

Selfishness breeds imperfect character. Progress depends upon perfected character. Character comes only to him who dares face the picture that the New York Board of Education hauled down, and who facing it asks himself, am I my brother's keeper?

As a kitten, milk-fed by hands it knows not whose, will make a lovely silk-cushion pet, so the child whose mind is fed only on the beautiful things in life may become a lovely but useless ornament, happy in its self-contained lack of knowledge, selfish in a desire to be shielded from the story of the park bench, blind to the fact that life is not all a merry song and dance.

Our greatest city is to be pitied that it should have given power to those who were so blind as to defeat an agency that could help to lift up the next generation out of the present tragic indifference to the sufferings of our brothers.

He cannot judge who has not seen the night as well as the day—who knows not the dark as well as the light.

Ignorance is the greatest obstruction to sight. Schooling does not in itself mean education. No one is so blind as he who, living in the light, cannot, will not or dare not SEE.

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER

LAW is liberty. "The least governed the best governed" is an exploded fallacy. In any well organized society independence has to give way to interdependence. Anarchy is the apex of the "personal liberty" propaganda.

Every man is entitled to the full enjoyment of his rights, but his rights become wrongs as soon as they encroach upon the just liberty of his neighbor and the free exercise of his rights.

Liberty turned to license is as intolerable as tyranny. Monarchy is the surrender of all men's liberty to one man's license—oligarchy the surrender to a few men's license—anarchy the surrender to all men's license.

Democracy is the scheme of government that seeks to establish the greatest liberty to the greatest number of men.

Democracy's battle is endless, ever changing to conform to new conditions which teach new duties. Equity is its goal. To make its legal laws consistent with ethical laws is its ever-present problem.

The manufacturer who attempts to coin dollars by crippling the minds and bodies of children between the mill wheels of toil effects an injury beyond the children of his mill; he offends the state

and the state protects the larger liberty in limiting his license.

That state dulls its sensibilities and defeats its own future that permits greed to injure the breed of coming generations.

Industrial avenues are not unlike the highways of the world. You are allowed to travel over them only when you do not jeopardize the travel of others.

The law that compels you to screen the belt on your machine is not made to defeat your ends but to protect the father of the child that sits next to your own child in the common school and who has an equal right with your child in that school. Its welfare is of as much concern to the state as your own child's welfare. Democracy does not select its captains through ancestral considerations. Lincoln was not boulevard-born.

The tenement tenant is the victim of and not the offender against the laws of sanitation. If building laws are violated and sanitation laws ignored every voting citizen is responsible. A filth-infested district may breed the very epidemic that will destroy the happiness of the thoughtless and apathetic voter. He is derelict in both his religious and civic duty unless he, too, becomes his brother's keeper.

You may drive your mill with the water of na-

ture's flowing stream, but you cannot rob others of that gift of nature by diverting or polluting the stream. The stream was placed there not by you nor for you but for the good of all, and you can use its power only when you rob no other man of that right.

Though the county records may prove to a court that you have title to a lot you cannot do anything you want to with that land. You cannot throw garbage on it and let time court fever in your neighbor's family through the agencies of decay. If you are not concerned about your neighbor's welfare the law will compel you to be. If you do not think you are your brother's keeper the court will quickly show you that the jailor is your keeper.

Democracy is ever cultivating a keener conscience. The ax that cuts away the obstructing undergrowth of personal liberty is ever returning to the grindstone to acquire a sharper edge.

The saloon was hewn out of the nation because the man who knows "when to stop" must give up something of his personal liberty for the good of his brother who does not know "when to stop." Moreover, he was forced to face the fact that the greatest common denominator of rights demanded that the cesspool that polluted our politics must be prohibited just as much as the chemical factory that

would, without restraint, pollute our drinking water.

Democracy is the process of cultivating the common conscience. It is putting the brand of "bad citizen" upon the voter who thinks only of his own welfare and thinks he is not his brother's keeper.

No man is true to his own children who has not learned how to be true to his neighbor's children. No man is true to himself who is not true to his brother.

FACES

WHEN Richard Mansfield was once asked to name the greatest mystery in life and his interrogator expected the customary answer "death" the eminent actor promptly replied, "The human face—see a face once and you can find it among millions. It is the door-plate of individuality."

The face is the mirror of moods. It is the echo of the heart. No artist can paint its changing countenance—no science has found the sculptural power of the mind to mould it.

Faces are as legible as books. Behind each is a story of expressed, suppressed or latent power and romance.

In every human countenance lies a history or a prophecy.

The face is the gate through which children and dogs find gentle and generous souls. Sad hearts will drift to a serene face as a flower leans toward the warm sun.

Birth gives us the unmarked outline of a face which it is the mission of life to fill in for us. The faculty that raises us as human beings is the faculty of choice. It is by the way we "choose to choose" that we make or mar our faces and our souls.

The soul is the exacting tyrant of the face. She makes it to suit herself and to reflect her slightest whim.

Should the soul be sullen she at once moulds the features to tell her mood. Rage reveals itself in red and furrowed lines. Mirth raises the mouth in evidence of joy.

Should the soul be furtive and dishonest she trains the eye to shiftiness and the mouth to silently speak hypocrisy.

Should the soul be genial and philanthropic an answering twinkle comes to the eye and benevolence takes its seat upon the brow.

The soul writes upon the face what she chooses. When weary of being housed in the body the soul takes flight but leaves her indelible record on the face.

Our ideas of beauty are juvenile and shallow. The vapid, unlined face embodies our idea of beauty because it is the picture of promise. But wise men know that the greater beauty is found in the face of age, in the story of fulfillment.

The true photographer uses his retouching pencil sparingly. He leaves the story lines that tell.

The rational system of beautifying is the manner of thought and mode of life that bring harmony and peace to the soul.

Beauty culture is soul culture. The beauty culture that treats only the skin makes a mask of the face.

It is a common practice to yearn for our departed youth. Youth is but becoming crudity. Honored is the soul that early "chooses to choose" the art of conduct that leaves the least regret and little wishing that "it might have been."

In the finest sense the noblest use of life is, as Ruskin would say, to picture "The good, the true and the beautiful" on your face.

MERIT

WORK is our most unappreciated blessing. The man with the lazy mind and limp muscle looks upon it as a curse.

When God expelled his first pair from the Garden He commanded, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

Work is the climax of God's gifts to men, the very "breath of his nostrils."

The child has an inherent right attitude toward work. The small boy is charged with energy and his mind constantly dwells on the big things he is to do in life. But love of ease early creeps in with its baneful influence, with pictures of mountains of candy, rivers of flowing sweets and a life of play.

To know work as a friend is the hall-mark of wisdom. It is only by journeying through the shadows of life that we learn the solace of daily tasks.

In times of distress the daily routine patiently and purposely followed is balm to the spirit.

The tenderness that denies effort is cruelty; it makes characterless that which was endowed with strength. Life becomes choked when it is denied expression. Expression is possible only through work.

The idle poor is a spectacle no more pitiful than the idle rich. Aimlessness is the arch tragedy. The effort to fill in empty hours without achievement is the saddest waste of energy.

The maker of millions is disposed to stay in harness and to keep the habits of a lifetime, but with strange inconsistency he often yields a privilege to his children which becomes a punishment when he permits them to grow up in the idleness he avoided. He has acquired strength by encountering hindrances and hurdling handicaps. That strength cannot be bequeathed. It is up to every man to make his own muscle.

The world is generous to the self-reliant. Merit is the reward of effort.

Merit is not marked by result so much as by fidelity to purpose.

Merit is like a river: the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Merit is measured by the worth of plan and purpose. Mere exertion is not work. The man who walks in a circle makes no journey. Anybody can saw wood and drive nails, but it takes a master carpenter to follow a plan and build a house.

Bending your backbone will not pull you out of the background unless you pull for a purpose.

A pilot would as soon think of shipping his rudder as pitching his compass overboard. The world wants the man who is steering for a definite port. Mere exercise is waste unless it is undertaken to make the brain and brawn fit to tackle some constructive job.

Merit is inherent in the man. It means intrinsic value and has nothing to do with clamor of approval and tumult of applause.

The world rewards the man who is headed somewhere, for something and who keeps going.

It is ability that gives a man poise among men. The gauge of his ability means whether he walks in the van or follows in the rear of the march of humanity. But wherever he may be the merit-man is always somewhere in the procession and always marching.

THE CALL

THE first object in life is to find one's self. No man is equipped to make good until he has found his own road to service. The impulse to do a noble deed and to be honored by men is the key to aspiration. In every disappointed heart there lurks this latent desire.

Every man is looking for his chance and man's fixed place in the world rests with his capacity to see his chance and seize it.

He who resists the call to do the high and noble thing lives to regret.

A power above men places before each man a worthy work to do. The world measures him by his treatment of that call. If he dodges it the world thinks little of him. If he accepts it he is esteemed.

No man can do well that which he loathes. The right work is that which he wants to do and which the world would see him do.

Duty rests in doing that which comes from the highest call.

When the voices in Domremy came to Joan of Arc she did not close her ears or curb her conscience because she had sheep to tend. There were others who could fulfill that duty but there was none that could rise to the needs of France.

When Jenny Lind heard the call to make the world glad with her song she left her knitting for others to do that she might sing.

Cincinnatus left the plow only that he might serve his country better than by making furrows in the field.

He who feels the call to preach is untrue to himself if he holds himself to the plow, but he is as untrue to himself who deserts the plow which he can handle to the good of himself and to the good of men and attempts to preach without a call. To assume the place and not the preachment is to work on a wrong premise.

The world is just as much in need of good salesmen as of good singers. It is a high art to be a true and useful merchant or manufacturer.

Life is too short to tread through it on the wrong road. To discover the right road to travel is everyone's first duty.

But when the right road is found the next essential is to find right value. The inability to estimate the values of life is a common failing. It requires rare wisdom to know what are the worth-while things, and in these days the money values too often outweigh moral values, the art of getting is too often placed above the art of giving.

It is often argued that only war brings out the noblest instincts in man. Surely no man can give more than his life for his fellow men, and in war we see this highest gift, that of life itself, visualized graphically and dramatically. Thus do we find in our public places and parks the art of the world lending itself to the heroes of war bristling with battle implements.

In days when the world is aflame with war "the call to the colors" is made a common cry.

"The call to the colors," the call to service, the call to duty, the call to better the world, to add honor and not dishonor to your city, your state and your flag, that is the call to MEN.

It is no less honorable to LIVE your life than to lose your life for your country. In the unseen paths of life, on the battlefields that are not pictured and reported by the writers of history in the making are also found soldiers serving the colors.

You probably never heard of James Cole. He was one of the noble-minded, self-sacrificing, unseen soldiers who lived and labored for you and me. His hair grew white in the unrewarded and unrecognized service of his country. He lived in Washington for over thirty years, modest, earnest, insistent, and outside of his faithful helpers in Congress, almost unknown. On his shoulders there

were no straps of honor recognition yet our flag was never loved by a truer soldier. The man in the street would not, in the terms of the world, count him a successful man. He once had a bank account, but he labored lovingly, uncomplainingly, cheerfully, persistently, hopefully, long after that bank account was gone. He gave his life to his country as truly as any soldier who braved breast-works in a charge. It was his incessant battering at the doors of Congress for thirty years that brought the parcel post, that wider agency of trade, into being.

Not long ago there was to be found in one of the highest federal posts a man who, because he possessed wealth, was counted a man of worth by those who estimate by the fatness of the purse. Yet the fact that he built a railroad as long as the country is wide was the least achievement of which he was justly proud. The fact that he served the colors by exposing and punishing bank presidents who loaned small sums to small borrowers at usurious interest, who evaded the law by making the face values of notes above the amount of the loan, filled him with satisfaction. He protected his countrymen from the practices of those who dishonor their country. He responded to the call.

The scouts in the scientific service of their coun-

try who answer the call to the colors by defying the torments of the tropics and the defiles of everlasting snows, who bring back from the Mountains of the Moon a handful of wheat which multiplies the wheat harvests of the nation and enriches the wheat growers of the country, are soldiers though their names are unknown.

Before every man there is at least one road open to the high work of helping his fellow men. It matters little if that call be behind the counter or behind the plow, behind the pulpit or before the lathe. He who finds the road to human service and takes that road is he who responds to THE CALL.

CLEAN BUSINESS

ANYTHING that savors of construction is respected. That which savors of destruction is despised, and the stronger ally of destruction it is, the greater the degree of hatred that it engenders in the eyes of the world.

The world will forever hate the deposed German kaiser because he was the cause of an appalling and wholly needless devastation.

The twentieth century is still young. Before its sands are run we shall have learned a great lesson. We shall have set aside the business of destruction for the business of construction; we shall have abandoned bloody business for clean business. And the change will be made because, as a business world, we shall prize the clean business which is the profitable business.

We will build factories where now stand fortresses; we will put our plows to making furrows rather than spades to digging trenches; we will reap grain rather than burn it; we will teach youths to be makers rather than mutilators; and upon the seas we will launch trade ships rather than battle-ships.

We will follow no modern Charlemagne, Constantine, Cortez or Bonaparte; rather will we at-

tempt to emulate a Steinmetz, a Westinghouse, an Edison or a Burbank.

To us is given the benignant opportunity to battle for betterment. Our great generals give their orders to battalions of business men.

It takes as much soldier stuff, courage and intelligence, love and fidelity, wit and grit to put a constructive business under the banner of victory as to place artillery on the ground once held by the enemy. And there is vastly more glory in it. It is the higher estate of soldiery.

The Goethals who can slash an isthmus and save the trade of the world a costly and dangerous journey around a continent is a soldier who battles not only for better business but for a cleaner and more cultivated civilization.

To waste labor or the products of labor is destruction. We warrant tearing down that we may build better. The mason who lays the foundation for a house builds no more nor better than the man who excavates the cellar. The wrecker who razes the building that has served its time and place that a new building may serve a newer time and larger purpose, is just as much a builder as the iron worker who rivets the steel supports together.

It is the builder of a clean business whom the community respects. The business that is wanted

is the business that helps men into a better social order, not the business that drives men to wretched misery and decay.

The carpenter lays down his tools and walks to his home at sunset, clear-eyed, upright and respected because all day he has labored in the bright, keen air, building a contribution to society's needs.

In the measure that you are one of the constructive forces of the world, your fellow men meet you gladly and seek your friendship.

As your business is clean and helpful, your life runs its course in the true and grateful harmony that comes from being in tune with the spirit of the universe.

Add to the strength of men, not to the weakness of men.

Edison vowed never to use his high talents to aid destruction. Wealth nor fame could induce him, but when he became fearful that his country might be in danger, he enlisted his talents to work with nature in her most fiendish expressions, that he might protect his country from destruction.

The grocer who ministers to your family needs serves you when he opens the window to the sun that all he has to sell may be seen, but when he darkens a back corner where he may sand his sugar and adulterate his parcels of food, he is on the de-

fensive because he is engaged in a fraud that destroys his trade.

Whether discovered or not he suffers under the weight of sin because he is out of harmony with the great aim of the universe, which is fair play, clean business, construction.

STICKING TO YOUR IDEAL

ABILITY is not the only measure of greatness. Efficiency is an overworked term. Efficiency lends itself as effectively to wrong uses as to right. Cleverness is always the chief agent of the crook.

Scholarship is no sure evidence of culture. The two pennyweight of steel in the watch spring will direct the dial hands to move in obedience to the laws of the sun while a ton of steel in a girder can only resist encroachment or act as agent to distribute weight or stress. The girder has great strength; the steel in the watch spring, through refinement, has great effectiveness.

Character is not measured by cleverness but by the refining forces that draw to themselves, as a magnet, the highest ideals of human endeavor.

It is not the men of greatest genius but the men of greatest deeds whose biographies fill the pages of our histories.

It is not adaptability but stability that counts. Patience and perseverance have never failed to defeat mere smartness.

It is the steady thinker rather than the ready thinker who contributes to lasting literature.

Inspiration is constructive when it is backed by perspiration. The instructor can do no more than point out the path for the constructor.

The dreamer is as essential to the world as the builder only when he can plan castles that the constructor can build and which men can use.

Temperament is worthless unless it is backed by tenacity and integrity.

The cleverness that is not endowed with conscience cannot stand the test of conduct.

The mind can conceive of nothing that does not need the hand to make it real. Man can express himself only through the union of mind and matter. It is the man who puts his talents to the best use who achieves most.

The strong men in each community are not the men of tricks but the men of trades. It is not the clever politician but the constant patriot whose memory is honored by grateful peoples.

Low aims like low towers are quickly realized. It is the high ideal as the high tower that takes patience and perseverance to build and he is the master builder who builds them.

Great institutions as great empires have not been made by mere dreaming. The man who merely knows what he wants is not as well schooled as is the man who knows how to get what he wants.

Flash powder makes a more brilliant light than the arc lamp but you can't use it to light your street

corner because it doesn't last long. Stability is more essential to success than brilliancy.

The higher your ideal, the more consistently you work for it and hold to it, the more sure you are of reaching the only success the world will regard as worth while.

ADVERTISING

HAD Columbus carried his conception of a round world to a hermit's hut in a wilderness the history of the western world would be shorter by at least a hundred years. But we are where we are today because Columbus advertised his idea. He put his great enterprise upon the market, and upon a throne he found a buyer.

Every great idea that has endured has been saved from obscurity and anchored to the future by persistent publicity.

You may make a very useful and perfect machine, but you cannot sell it if you hide it; it cannot be useful unless used.

If you have not faith in that which you create, you cannot expect others to have faith in it. Faith and courage are just as essential in handling the merchandise of trade as in piloting the explorer's ship.

The fellow who is first to introduce a new idea has the advantage in the commercial race. But he must do that thing better than his imitators if he is to keep his place in the race, for when the imitation becomes an improvement upon the model, it becomes a dangerous competitor.

The pioneer who waits to watch his trailers usually finds himself the hare and then the tortoise. The only way to keep ahead is to look ahead.

The pilot who sets out to discover new shores never stands astern to look upon the waters of tried seas.

The business man who thinks he has lead and momentum enough to stop promotion is like the pilot who stands astern. He never gets anywhere and his competitors soon overtake him.

The successful builder of trade sets out for a definite commercial port and sets his sails to bend every mast forward. He has the faith of a pilot that his port is some day going to show up over the horizon, directly where his flying jib boom points.

It is only the man who believes in himself, who has faith in his idea, who invests himself in his work who can win success by advertising that idea.

Had Columbus put up a claim to a false idea, he might, by that fraud, have won the queen's jewels, but he never could have returned to her court with honor.

The man who makes false claims about his goods is just as sure to come to sorrow.

The successful business attracts competitors as jewels attract burglars.

The only way to make competition difficult is to make better goods, to advertise the true worth of your goods, and rest your case with your customers. If you can do that you can dare competition.

Make anything that the people find they want, and your product becomes standard. But you must help the people to know that you have what they want, and you cannot let them know by keeping the fact that you have what they want a guarded secret.

The fellow with a superior article is sure to be defeated by the competitor with an inferior article if he permits the maker of the inferior article to outdo him in the public announcement of his wares.

Advertising is merely a campaign of education; it is the dissemination of knowledge about the FACTS in the world of commerce and trade.

Advertising is NEWS; it is the story of the store. The newspaper that carries the most advertising, carries the most news upon what is going on, what is to be found, what is to be had in the community.

Quarts that measure less than two pints, yards that measure only thirty-five inches, and pounds that weigh but fifteen ounces are going to be found out. The merchant that sells by such standards never gains stable trade.

The art of success in trade is a full faith in your trade, a wide-spread announcement of your trade, and the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about your trade.

THE INEVITABLE

IN HIS wonderful story, "Ninety Three," Victor Hugo bundled the philosophy of the fatalist in two sentences when he said: "Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us, is the star that sends toward us its light. We can no more escape from the light than from the shadow."

The optimist, rejoicing in the recognition of good, refuses to surrender meekly to anything that Fate provides. He grasps at opportunity rather than be overtaken by it. He turns to good use things that might be harmful if he made no effort to master them.

Franklin saw the lightning. He could no more escape its terrifying presence than could he escape the shadow of the cloud that intercepts the light of the star. But in that lightning he recognized a great force of nature, which, if man could but **KNOW** he might master and **USE**. Because Franklin sent out a kite line to get acquainted with that zig-zag streak of light we ride today in trolley cars and converse across the continent.

Man is ever engaged in making the inevitable available to his needs.

Man found the seasons rotating. Experience taught him that the trees that are naked when their

roots are clothed with snow, bear fruit when the soil is mellowed with rain and sunshine. And so he saved the food that came to him in the fruitful season for sustenance in the season that brought no food.

He learned to use the wasted power of the stream by building dams against its currents.

He put the expanding power of steam into harness and made it serve him.

We are each of us here by causes beyond our control. We did not select our parents or ours kinsmen. But for thousands of years the world was filled with forces that brought us here and put us face to face with our friends. Destiny? Every wise man learns to use his destiny.

We do not voluntarily cause our heart to beat or our lungs to breathe. The organs of the body function through the order of the same forces that cause the star to shine and the cloud to intercept its light.

But within us we have found a thing we CAN control and direct. We call it WILL. It is that wonderful, unfindable miracle, the tenant in our human frame, that makes us master over the inevitable matter that confronts us. It is that compelling force within us that drives our curiosity into inspiration, our inspiration into determination,

our determination into achievements, our achievements into character and our character into the records of history. There it is reviewed by those that follow us. They take up our learning where we left it and force a further acquaintance with the Inevitable of this world. They ever strive to use the light and shadows of life for good. They know that such is the WILL of the Eternal Power behind the Inevitable which directs its being.

DETERMINATION

SINGLENESSE of purpose is the foundation of all success. It is the man who knows exactly what he wants and insists on getting it who usually gets it.

We are too prone to look upon money rather than mind as our goal. Money harms only the man who has not learned to help himself.

It is the mind that mints money. Money never makes mind.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is not a handicap unless you let the spoon gag you.

Poverty is not a virtue. It is nothing to brag about. It is an asset only as a compelling power to drive you out of it.

The poets praise a false philosophy when they sing of the glory of poverty. Be honest and admit it is a glory nobody wants. Everybody who is covered with that glory is trying to get rid of it. The whole struggle of the world is to scramble away from it. It is a hideous thing.

But the test of men comes not while enmeshed in poverty but when freed from its fetters.

The man who doesn't know what to do because he has no money is hardly less well off than the

man who doesn't know what to do because he has money.

The young man who facing life has to be fed and clothed by a rich parent may command a measure of thoughtless envy but he commands no more of the world's admiration than the young man who has to be clothed and fed by charity.

It's the man who stands alone and does not use others as a crutch to hold him up who commands respect. It is the man who has found out how to help others in the march through life, who wins the admiration of others.

Youth's problem is not what are you starting with but where are you starting for.

Your fortune depends not upon what you have in your hand but what you have in your head.

Real nobility is the fruit of heart culture no less than head culture and your heart grows big only as you force it into the affection of other hearts.

Determination is a richer asset than dollars. It is the one indispensable tool that is needed for the successful completion of every job you may desire or are compelled to tackle.

Emerson reminded us that "keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

Determination forces you over the road of concentration. Concentration is the forces of intellect thrown like the searchlight upon just one thing and held there.

The searchlight gets control of all the rays of light and purposefully directs them.

Concentration is the control of the cultivated mind.

Nobody cares whether Lincoln or Edison, Emerson, McCormick or Agassiz had a bank account because everybody knows they had a brain account. They cultivated and concentrated their brains upon a great determination to do something so well worth while that they rose above the poverty, above fickle fortune into the indestructible wealth of the world.

THE LITTLE THINGS

MAN has always found it easier to battle against big odds than little. Long ago he subdued the mammoth but we are still fighting the microbe.

We easily see the menace that has size. The enemy that threatens most is the little things that escape our notice.

The human brain has always been ready to challenge animal brain. The huge thing is the easier to hunt. The jungle traveler is less afraid of the tiger that he can hit than of the insect that he cannot strike.

The mastodon was easy to master. Crude weapons can conquer the clumsy hippopotamus but the hunter is handicapped in conflict with the bug. The rhinoceros, lumbering hulk, offers target for deadly thrusts, but we cannot reach with easy aim the hidden host of enemies lurking in the leaves, lost in the grasses, secreted in the water, ambushed in the earth and screened in the morass.

The frontier farmer was less worried over the encroachment of the buffalo-herd than the cloud of locusts.

The horticulturist fights the maggot and the scale. The cunning of the scientist is directed against the bacillus.

Man's greatest enemy is the littlest things. It is the trifles that make up the happiness or the misery of mortal life. Man encounters, with comparative ease, great adversity. It is the little habits which he forms that have the accumulative power to destroy.

As the chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so is man weakened by his petty habits of harmful kind.

Like the mariner, we all steer clear of the rocks that rise above the surface and are easily seen. It is the submerged soft sand shoal that strands our aspiration.

A man's character is never measured by the grandiloquence of separated spot-light moments, but by the habits he forms into furrows through which he daily walks.

Trickery, selfishness and secret sordidness will out no less than murder. They mount up like coral reefs until they stand forth in the open sunlight.

Self-control, generosity, consideration, love, hope and helpfulness are cultivated habits no less than are brain-draining and soul-dwarfing practices.

The test of true mastery lies in the power to surmount and use rather than be abused by the little things in life.

ANCESTORS

WHEN chided because he had no great ancestors, Napoleon replied: "I am an ancestor."

Heraldry is the cheapest affectation of aristocracy. Anybody can have a coat of arms; anybody can inherit one. But it is often simpler and much easier to just invent one. All you have to do is to draw a shield; balance a helmet on a barber pole; put a sow's head on one side and a fleur-de-lis on the other, and surmount the whole with some such legend as *Ne Plus Ultra*, and you're just as tony as the next fellow.

If any question your blue blood, tell them that when Columbus discovered America you had over eight thousand ancestors scattered among the population of the world. And it is a fair gamble that you'd find at least one of them wearing a polished boot with a brass buckle. What is more, another of those eight thousand ancestors was probably hung for horse stealing. The "direct descendant" game is nothing in the world but picking out of eight thousand grandparents the most respectable and heralding the fact that you come from him and not the fellow who was thrown into jail for thieving.

That is all there is to the heraldry game, even among the elite's elite.

Every one of us is blessed with two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, sixty-four great, great, great, great grandparents. And when you have gone back a dozen generations you have picked up four thousand more or less great grandparents.

The family that boasts of "family" simply goes zig-zagging back through this maze of ancestors, picking out and claiming those of greatest respectability, and with equally studied purpose avoiding those who were pirates, fakirs, book agents and draymen.

Scratch the gaudiest coat of arms of the proudest family deep enough and you will find a strain coarse and common enough to engage the labors of the most ardent social uplift workers.

King and cotillion leaders find the branches of their "family tree" reaching into more peasant huts than palaces.

He who relies upon forefathers for fame walks on crutches. The admiration of the world is given to those who can stand up alone.

Kindness, courtesy, consideration, generosity and self-control are not left in legacy as gold. Good manners and strong character are not a matter of inheritance, but development. Gentlemen are

made, not born. No great leader was ever followed because he was somebody's grandson.

Heroism cannot be handed down like a signet ring; you cannot wear your father's battle scars. No man can honor the past unless he honors the present.

The man who brags of his ancestry is like a king who claims fame by pointing to his dynasty. He is a representative of the past. The world uses only the representatives of the present; it honors only the soldier who fights for the future.

Don't be a walking tombstone for some selected grave. Make yourself an ancestor. Then you ARE somebody. Then you become worth while in a worth while world.

PRETENSE

ACTORS are always at a disadvantage. The world measures men not by what they seem to be but by what they ARE. It is the actor of little ability and not of great ability who accentuates his characterization.

In real life as on the stage it is the imitator who impersonates.

The king covets civilian clothes while his guards affect epaulets and gold lace. The field marshal in action copies the private's garb, reserving to the guards at the war office door the right to appear in gaudy uniform.

A doorman will wear the prime minister's display. A footman will assume the aristocratic pose for his master. The "real thing" needs no mantle of pretense.

The art of pretense is employed only by those who lack the substance they affect. Pretense will stand the test of time no better than a shoddy coat or a veneered table.

It is the eyes of others that reflect the true merit of a man and not the mirror. The man who looks constantly at himself rather than at others acquires only a distorted view of himself and of the world,

and the world is first to know it. People are quick to forget the man who cannot forget himself.

Historians record the names of but few whose sole ambition was to appear in history with a halo.

The voice of vanity never brings the applause of humanity. You must prove to be, rather than assume to be worthy to secure recognition.

The world gives its approbation only to him who supplies achievement. No man needs a tongue to tell of the work he does.

Everybody is skeptical of the boaster. Folks are always ready to believe that you have little claim to the rank and position you brag about.

The man who has position does not have to be obtrusive to either confess or defend it.

On the campus of the University of Wisconsin stands Weinman's great statue of Lincoln. On its pedestal there is not engraved a single word, or letter to indicate whom that bulk of bronze memorializes. A statue of Lincoln needs no identification mark. That's greatness.

No man who is really strong and true ever has to advertise himself. The world will always do it for him.

The hunger for adulation is the surest mark of the petty soul. No man who is entitled to recognition ever thinks of insisting upon it.

The worth while people of the world are always so engaged with their responsibilities and high duties that they have neither time nor disposition to inquire what may or may not be their place.

Pretense is glory reduced to levity, false grandeur in the cloak of meanness, and false virtue under the mantle of hypocrisy.

SIDE SCOUTING

IT is a common practice to speak of bright things as "brave!" A "brave array," "brave in tinsel and ribbon"—we say it easily and with little thought. It is an evidence of our superficiality that is content to merely gloss the surface.

Red and gold is not the only badge of courage. The unobtrusive cloak of grey or brown or black is more likely to cover true value. The brass band is the counterfeit of battle.

The sublimest day of a lifetime is seldom lived in acclamation and with blare of trumpets. It may be a day lived in the narrow confines of a hospital bed where a courageous soul faces the prospect of mutilation or invalidism and with the finest courage forces a fainting spirit to take up its unwelcome burden cheerfully and without repining.

When a widowed mother smiling tearfully sends her young, gallant and inexperienced son into the battle line, where is the heart of greater bravery—under the resplendent new uniform or under the shabby bodice of black? Please God there may not be the call again for this courage.

The maimed and stunted soul who does his level best with the powers at hand may in the eye of the All-Seeing live a far more perfect life than the one

who drifts on prosperity's wave though the world does not see his efforts but applauds the effortless philanthropies of the drifter.

Had we our choice we would all prefer to walk upright among our fellows. The gait we would select for ourselves would be a martial stride, the place at the head of the forward moving column.

Had we our choice we would march proudly with our fellows, lead them in the bravely advancing vanguard.

It takes true wisdom to realize that the rarest courage is less likely to be there in the foremost ranks than limping along in the rear or off side scouting on some weighty but unobtrusive mission.

Had we our choice we would all be prosperous and generous, enjoying the glow of satisfaction that accompanies the kindly deed.

We are taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The truth is, it is often far easier to give than to receive and far more pleasant. At times there is a magnificent moral courage in receiving.

The greatest battles are oftentimes fought not in the battlefield but in the closet. And most of the world's greatest battles are bloodless.

UNBENDING BACKS

ANTHROPOLOGISTS tell us that people merge from savagery into civilization when they begin to break earth and make things grow. But from the dawn of this civilization it has been the ambition of every keen brain to get into some less arduous job than earth-breaking.

The fellow with wits found he could beat the fellow with mere brawn to the rewards of the strife of life. So the market place became apart from the furrowed field; the town became the scene of gentler trades. The field remained the arena of the back-bending, back-breaking labor of soil-tilling.

Farm drudgery has crowded our cities. Up from the field the toilers ascend in their struggle to release themselves from the sore task of grubbing out an existence on the rough face of the earth.

"Through the corridors of time," said Victor Hugo, "we hear the wooden shoe ascending and the polished boot descending."

With the ripening of civilization the world is finding that the problem of the city is also the problem of the country. "Back to the field" is the modern cry and the hope for it lies in the inventive genius of this age of mechanical minds.

Marvel as you will at the wireless sentinel or the

phonograph, the plow still stands the greatest implement in the world and the most serviceable invention of man. It marks the first move in the slow development of agricultural devices, designed to relieve the strain on the human back in its brave effort to feed the human body.

Even in its first crude form of a twisted stick, the plow was a signal triumph over the cruder spade. But it took a Yankee, Jethro Wood, to perfect the mold-board that is now essentially the model of every chilled plow, whether it be of hand or sulky pattern. Of him Lincoln's great Secretary of State, William H. Seward, said: "No citizen has ever conferred greater benefit upon his country and none of her benefactors has been so inadequately rewarded."

No one among the many claimants for the honor of inventing the reaper has so clear a title to the distinction as Cyrus M. McCormick. He brought us the idea that has perfected "the great destroyer of hunger."

It is impossible for mathematicians to estimate the increase of bread supply produced by the self-binder that permitted the harvester to sit erect while at labor in his field.

They tell us that in plowing five square miles with the ordinary plow, the plowman walks in the

furrow a distance equivalent to the circumference of the earth. In the sulky he rides the distance, but with the motor tractor he divides the distance by as many plows as his engine will pull.

An efficient farm horse costs about two hundred dollars. An engine costs about one hundred dollars per tractive horsepower, with maintenance less than one-tenth that of animal power. The engine not only plows, harrows, seeds and harvests the grain, but it sprays the trees, saws the wood, drills wells, shreds fodder and fills silos.

The mechanical era in farming is forcing a new competition. Men seek college today not to evade the farm but to avail the farm.

"Agricultural engineering" is a new term that is turning the tide of the centuries to the cities from the cities. It is the applied science that is straightening up the bent backs of the tillers of the soil, making farming a vocation of high skill instead of brutal drudgery. It is the science that sends out happy boys seeking the fields, eager to serve in the high soldiery of feeding and clothing the world.

LIMITATIONS

IT was Helen Keller's infirmity that challenged the sympathy and talent of her teacher until the capacity of the one to give became only a little less remarkable than the ability of the other to acquire. It was the helplessness of one that made great thinkers and altruists of both.

A deaf aunt cured a whole family of the gossip habit. When they reduced their trivial conversations to writing on her tablet they saw their maliciousness. It was through the helplessness of the aunt that they found their better selves.

God has bestowed upon us no wiser or more beneficent gifts than our limitations.

Like chains on auto wheels our limitations are hindrances to good going but are often of incalculable benefit when the going is hard.

Limitations are the fire tests of one's metal. They who are weak are crushed by the very force that gives but added impetus to the strong.

The weak surrender where the strong mind philosophically takes stock of the assets left, and goes on to victory. It is the helplessness of the weak that makes the telling appeal to the strong.

It is not victory but defeat that tests the depth of love. Love is often sweetened and deepened by disaster.

It is the crippled child that the mother holds closest, loves best.

Blight the sight of a man and at once many will offer to lead him where he will not stumble.

It is through the sight of the helpless that men discover that they may be helpful.

It is the help we give each other which is the debt we owe each other if we be true to the great Master who gave us the Golden Rule.

He who refuses to help the helpless commits self-injury. It is the fellow-feeling coursing through this world that makes the living here worth the labor of life.

As the irritant sand in the oyster shell brings forth the successive coats of healing nacre that form the precious pearl, so the patient endurance of a handicap has made a priceless jewel of many a character.

In His plan of the world God gave strength to only a portion of men. All men were weak and helpless at first. The reason is obvious. He expects His stronger to assume guardianship and protection over His weak. He expects the helpless little child to educate the young mother and father into tenderness—first to their infant, then to themselves and through the narrow limits of this small circle to the great world outside.

The weakness of the world is the strength of the world. Without the cultural powers of tenderness and sympathy the world would be barbarous and ruthless. The law of the beast would prevail; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth would be the standard of life. Only the strong would survive.

Because of our great teachers and humanizers, the helpless, our civilization advances in fraternity, not in armed hostility.

Limitations have had many eloquent interpreters but not the least wise nor least fraught with Christian resignation was the great Milton, who closed his sonnet to his blindness by saying: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE GREAT MARCH

PLODDERS are legion. It is the masters of men who are few. Plodders make up the rank and file of humanity. They comprise the many common people whom, as Lincoln said, God surely must have loved since he made so many of them.

Plodders are not without their many virtues. They are stable, reliable, industrial. They are the foundation of society.

They are a tremendous, slow but constantly moving force. They carry along all the good from the past ages through which they have traveled.

Plodders are realists, materialists. They respect only facts and tangible results. Their vision is short but, measured on long lines, true.

Civilization advances no faster than they permit it, yet they never design their own course. They control only the pace of their march.

To the few rare souls of clear vision has nature handed the gift of leadership, they who direct the way of the march. To them only is given imagination. It is they who depict on the curtain of the future the next right move for the masses to make.

They are the Psyche of the ages. It is they who have the insight into hidden meanings and the correlations of which the masses never dream.

To their minds the revelations of the future come as truths, and it is their devotion to the truth that brings the masses to later see and accept it.

The power to see the truth ahead cultivates the power to convince that the truth is there.

Mastery is instinct in the genius. Whether harsh or gentle it is always compelling.

The crowd is lost without a leader. It becomes restless, unhappy and insecure. Without direction the crowd becomes a mob.

The masters are the men who dare march ahead and alone. It is they who have the supreme confidence. Because of their confidence the plodders put confidence in them and follow them.

Age limits leadership. The leader must express the new or be supplanted by him who represents that which is new. Every champion is some day confronted by his better. Youth is bold and leaps ahead.

Masters are never afraid. As soon as timidity controls they cease to be masters.

It is only the man who is subservient to the truth who wears an armor which nothing can penetrate.

Back in the ranks are the doubters, grumblers, stumblers. Their protests are silenced by the plodders, who bear them forward, willingly or unwillingly, on the great march.

Sometimes the whole mass seems to fall back. But the masters do not fear. They know the light of the star will lead them on again.

THE SLUMS

HOME is the symbol of happiness. We plan for it, work for it, sacrifice for it, long for it. It is the cornerstone of our aspirations; it is the object of our fondest recollections; it is the subject of our sweetest songs and dearest dreams. In one form or another it is the greatest object in life. It is a poor and foolish government that refuses to concern itself with the greatest object in life; that declines to safeguard the greatest source of happiness and conservator of contentment.

The first debt a city owes to its people is decent habitations. Education, religion, recreation and all the other benefits of civilization automatically come to the people that concern themselves with good home building. A decent home is the first essential to good citizenship.

Poverty as a spur to ambition is a good theme for the poets but a poor scheme to put to practice.

Rare souls climb out of any mire. But the march of the world is made by the masses. The minority are the pathfinders—they plead for hurry, encourage the weary and urge the reluctant but the old world moves no faster than the majority.

Where one inmate of a tenement is able to rise above the darkness, filth and disease to a better life level, thousands are crushed.

The economic plan that permits one to survive while hundreds die is wrong. That city is its own worst enemy that fails to work for the welfare of the many.

The slums are both the cause and the result of bad citizenship. They are not the product of helplessness but of greed and indifference. And of the two evils indifference is the harder to correct.

The slums are the running sore out of which ooze the crimes that we spend fortunes in vainly trying to check.

The absolute landlord of the slums is not the greedy owner of wretched hovels but the city that permits him to levy a high tax for the right to live a low life.

The city permits this because its smug "best citizens" DON'T CARE. They are the real enemy of the city, not the nasty grafter.

Though he live on a corner lot in a brown stone swell front with brass railings on marble stairs he is a bad citizen who feels his duty done when he tosses a coin at casual charity and refuses to face CAUSE.

The official who sidesteps duty does it because he is allowed to.

As a business proposition our slums are costly. They are our most expensive luxury. They compel

us to build jails, maintain asylums and fight disease.

Jacob Riis said, "It is just as much murder to kill a man with a tenement as with an ax."

Hovels develop rats. Homes develop men. The happiest and most prosperous cities are those that know the fewest slums and the most homes.

A good home is the gateway to heaven. The tenement is the gateway to hell.

IDLENESS

SHEEP put their confidence in the dog that is on the job. It is the roving Rover that worries the flock. Consistent occupation prevents temptation.

Idleness is the mother of mischief—the nurse of naughtiness. The lazy man is apt to be a bad man. Good men find nothing congenial in him. Idleness is mental and moral paralysis. Give a man nothing to do and if he be a MAN he will make work for himself. Deprive a MAN of the right to work and you run the risk of making him a maniac. There is no man with mind who would not prefer drudgery to deadly dull repose.

Deprive a people of the right to work and you will quickly have a demoralized population. They will topple down thrones and cut throats. Forced idleness fosters mob rule. Governments never confront such great dangers as when the masses are robbed of the right to work.

To see that no man is forced into involuntary idleness is just as much the function of government as to protect him from forced servitude. Every real statesman knows that idleness is a feeder of evil and the world is wide enough to still give every man a chance to hustle. Neither good nor glory ever comes to the loafer.

Both the Weary Willie and the professional Newport-Palm Beach porch loafer are in the same class of society—the N. G. class. With or without money the unemployed are miserable. They may cover the continent in search of a “good time”; they may go by blind baggage or private Pullman but fun will be hard to find. Only the unemployed are consistently and continuously miserable.

Idleness has been the chief ailment of princes and kings. The want of a daily task tires dukes and drones. There is nothing but restlessness in inactivity. Put kings to work at the looms and they will be too busy to want wars. Business is the best ballast for keeping your life boat on its keel.

Employment demands sobriety. Drunkenness defeats duty, divorces employment, weds idleness and fathers poverty.

Like a submerged rock at sea, idleness, though appearing innocent, is more dangerous than violent tempests. It will shipwreck all resolutions that are not steered to avoid it.

An idle man is worth just about as much as a watch without hands. If you want to get anything done, you will find that the busy man is the only fellow who will ever have time to do it. Idle folks are always too busy loafing to have leisure.

The steel rail that is tied to an unused siding grows red, abused by lack of use. The rail that bears its burden of traffic glitters with brightness in the sun. The worker knows how to rest but the idler only knows how to rust.

Steel keeps its temper only through stress and strain. The muscle soon grows flabby that is not cultivated through resistance. The mind soon becomes dull and stupid that is not consistently busy creating.

Idleness is a living death; it is the sepulchre of the breathing man.

Idleness will empty the fullest purse; it is the key to beggary; it is the parent of hunger; its wages are want.

The wise Ben Franklin prompted poor Richard to sagely say, "Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him."

Idleness ends in envy. It covets industry and joins with the world in respect for the worker.

It is better to labor and lose than to dull your talents, your conscience, and your courage with the leprosy of laziness. A life of idleness is not worth one day of right endeavor.

Life is never worth while unless you USE it and USE IT UP.

If the wealth in work is not found early it is likely to be long lost. The Romans used to say, "They must hunger in frost who will not work in heat."

The young idler soon becomes the petty borrower and the old beggar.

Idleness is the refuge of the weak. It is the school of viciousness. Nobody but the devil ever induces the chronic idler to work. No deity ever helps the professional dodger.

Anchor to a job. Men, like sheep, shun the rovers.

TIME

ITSELF immeasurable, Time is the measurer of all things. Itself undisclosed, it is the great discloser. Time is the chiefest element in life, for life is of worth or worthless as we use Time.

Lord Lytton coined the lasting slogan "Time is money." Time has fixed values in the money mart. Every banker has at his elbow his percentage table to tell you the day's worth of every dollar that you own or that you borrow from him.

Men who make money use Time. It is the first lesson that the money maker must learn. He who does not know how to use Time is without gold.

Only he who learns how to save Time, has Time to invest.

Time is the purchase price of wisdom. Knowledge is yours only as you are willing to spend Time to get it.

Both he who has acquired wealth and he who has acquired wisdom have what they hold because they have learned to save and use Time. They found profit is saving Time to use it. Time lost is wealth and wisdom lost. He who gains Time gains everything.

Time is a fixed quantity yet always fleeting. It is forever coming, forever going. You cannot use

it before it arrives nor after it is gone. There is but one time when you can use it and that is NOW.

Tomorrow never comes and yesterday never comes back.

Never is just as endless as forever.

When George W. Childs, the great Philadelphia publisher, was looking for some one to direct a philanthropic work he said, "Give me a man who has no time to do it then I'll know it is done."

He who wastes Time is always without Time. He who fills every moment of NOW with endeavor fills the records of the past with achievement and floods the future with opportunity.

Time lost, like money lost, never returns.

Time is a commodity no man can corner—though likened to money, no money can buy it.

Time is democratic. It comes to all people in all places. It respects all people but rewards only those who wisely use it.

Time is the greatest teacher. It records achievement and bequeaths experience.

But he who, regretting the present, covets the past and pleads for "the good old times" pleads in vain.

He fails to grasp experience who does not hear and heed its command—"Face the future for Opportunity comes on the wings of Time."

The past is the high court from which there is no appeal.

Out of the past comes wisdom. The present is for action. The object of action is a better future.

There is nothing more precious than Time and nothing more prodigally wasted.

Time cannot be tied, yet he who would abuse it may, like a calf, be tethered to Time and be led by it into the field of the forgotten.

Time serves all things. It is the hired man of nature and it will command you only as you command nature.

Time helps nature to nurture the weed, but with your help it will as willingly ripen a raspberry or unfold the petals of a rose.

Time makes hay.

Time is a worker. It works for you when you work with it. It works against you when you ignore it.

Time is the great healer. It knits the broken bone. It congeals the flowing blood into a scab and discards the scab for skin.

Time mellows the heart-ache and softens the anguish of overwhelming grief.

We take no note of Time except of its loss. That is why he who robs a man of his Time commits the highest crime—murder.

To make the greatest use of your own Time but to encroach upon no other man's right to use his Time, is the secret of all success.

The clock is a teller and a tattler. It is the roulette that swings its hands to Fortune or Failure as you learn to wisely use it.

He who watches the dial to see how late he may start and how early he may quit is sure some day to bump into his Waterloo.

Napoleon needed more Time rather than more troops.

Wellington won because he was wise enough to seize the opportunity that came on the wings of Time.

THE CHILD'S ENDOWMENT

HAPPINESS has been defined as the state of satisfaction engendered by success in surmounting the material and moral difficulties of life. "To him that overcometh will I give power."

The richest people are those who have learned how to labor lovingly for others.

The bank accounts of Pasteur, Edison, Tolstoi, Burbank and Jane Addams figure little in the world's estimate of their wealth. Their wealth rests not in gold but in good.

Englishmen for centuries clung to the false philosophy that material riches were the great goal of life and that the greatest heritage they could leave their children was huge estates. That false philosophy has been the building of England's humiliation.

The poorest legacy an Englishman can leave is a title. The dukes and lords and earls and all the rest of their flunkery are decorations fast going out of style. They are samples of what there won't be any more of pretty soon. This is so not only in England but in every country where they indulge in such nonsense, such thoroughly un-Christian practices.

Mere estate establishes no nobility. Nobility is

not the product of property. Character and conduct and not caste or class are the enduring measures of men.

The richest heritage is not the opportunity to escape labor but the opportunity to labor.

The first right of the child is to be well born, sound of body, free from disease, healthy, strong. The second right is to receive such education as will equip it to render a service to itself and to others through its accumulated knowledge of the world. Every parent owes to the child a thorough grounding in moral and ethical principles. Every child is entitled to the loyal love and the close and generous friendship of those who bring them into being.

The father who can't be a chum to his son is a chump. The father who is too busy to give this friendship or who feels his precious dignity so much that he defies it simply dodges duty—for sympathetic friendship is the parent's first duty. This done their endowment is complete.

Money is not to be despised, but money is good only when the life lesson is so well learned that its use may be helpful and not harmful.

The surest happiness comes from confidence in the ability to conquer difficulties and do worth while things in making one's way in the world.

There is no greater human joy than in assuming the responsibility for intellectual action.

When William Kent, one of the wealthy men of the Golden State, gave to his country a large preserve of virgin forest as a national park he named this park after a great naturalist. Appreciating the magnificence of the gift, Roosevelt, then President of the United States, pleaded with him to put his own name on the gift, urging that Kent owed that to his children. To this the wise donor replied, "I cannot make a name for my children. They must each make their own name." Kent bequeathed to his children a heritage that all his wealth could not tarnish.

When a prominent business man of New York City, who had accumulated a large fortune in the field of trade, had also won distinction as a soldier, an author, a philosopher and a philanthropist, wise ones said his only son, though good and worthy, could never match the sire for he would have no such difficulties to overcome as those which made the father.

But money was the least of the things that father had bequeathed the son. The son had learned not to loaf but to labor, not to live idly but ideally. He set out to battle against commercial competitors who were attempting to set false standards and un-

ethical ideas in the trade his father left him; he sacrificed practically all his fortune before he triumphantly won his fight, but he won because he had a father who chose to bequeath to him ideals rather than idleness.

The loafing life is not the happy life. The privilege of laboring with men and for men is a greater luxury than the mere spender can hope to find in the exercise of self-indulgence.

He who covets exclusiveness, who believes the elite of the world are they who live on the labor of others is nothing but a blind follower of the fast fading fancies of the class and caste aristocrats who have attempted to copy the plutocratic powers of monarchs whose principles and practices have grown rotten through centuries of abuse. Their ideals are repudiated by the awakened conscience of men. Only the collective interests of men need great capital. The individual needs opportunity and a sense of justice.

The son who is trained to lean on a cheque book leans on a crutch. Only he who is trained to rely on character stands erect. The cheque book becomes the incident and not the thing itself to the child endowed with character. The bank account is the open door to larger labor, it does not emanci-

pate from labor. It helps one to invest himself in greater labor.

"Your worth will be measured by your work," was the commencement comment conferred by a rich father upon his son on the day he acquired his college degree.

The twentieth century is bringing into the world new standards. They are the standards of pure democracy, the pieties put into practice. There never was a time when so many rich people were seeking to serve rather than be served.

The helping hand rather than the hindering hand marks the gentleman of today. The spirit of work and not of waste is the endowment which the twentieth century parent is laboring to bequeath to his children. This is the richest heritage any child can claim.

He who would endow his son with mere gold is an out-of-date sire.

PATIENCE

CONSTRUCTIVE powers work slowly but surely. It is the explosive forces that work destruction. The volcano's tongue of flame may not only kill all living things about it but bury beneath the ashes of anger the product of centuries of plodding.

The engines of war are mighty destroyers. One case of dynamite can tear down an architectural triumph with great arches keystoneed with care and ornamented with carvings, the product of the sculptor's cultivated skill.

Patience is the path to perfection; it is "the key to Paradise." Impatience is the open road to ruin.

The world records no great achievement that is not the product of planning, the result of patient work and waiting.

Despair is a quick quitter. Patience is the arch foe of despair. Patience wins by plodding. No man wins who has not the patience to persist.

An ancient Roman ruler praised his soldiery by telling them that they endured with the patience of a conqueror.

No man can conquer who knows no patience.

He who works with patience finds his foe at his

feet. Endurance is the test of strength. Time is man's best helper.

Not all men practice patience, but all men preach it because it is the first test of virtue.

Patience is the foundation of all philosophy. To patiently pursue a right course against the protests of the impatient is the supreme test of character.

Impatience becomes a virtue when it exercises an eagerness to batter down the opposition that would prevent patience from uncompromisingly pursuing a work that ripens into good. "Beware of the fury of a patient man."

There is no well-doing that is not patient doing. The armor of the conqueror is patience.

Knowledge is the product of patience. You cannot pour brains into your dome. Brains are cultivated only with care and persistent work. Give your flower bed time but with no effort and weeds will grow. Patient work eliminates the weeds and your flowers bloom into beauty.

Study is possible only with patience. Study breeds patience. The wise man practices patience. By observation and example he sees its power and the wonders it works.

Patience produces accumulative power.

The high power locomotive cannot shoot a train out of the terminal at sixty miles an hour. The engineer knows that his piston rod can only develop that drive by patient building. Impatience only spins the wheels without great gain of ground.

The sprinter can make only an impatient race. The marathon runner knows he must set a patient pace to reach the tape. The mile swimmer strikes a patient pulling stroke. Speed makes no headway on the sands of time. The horse that gallops on the desert is soon halted while the patient, plodding, sure-footed camel finds the oasis without fatigue.

Affairs are accomplished through patience. The hasty man fails because of his lack of understanding.

Patience achieves more than force. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and pull constantly and steadily for it. The tortoise had a better chance than the hare because he was wiser. He put his short legs on the stilts of patience and perseverance and GOT THERE.

"The patient poor" is an outworn term and it is time the patient world buried it. Shakespeare allowed Othello to remake the phrase in terms of wisdom when he said "How poor are they that have not patience."

Men are often poor because they have not pos-

sessed the patience to acquire the wisdom that may guide them out of poverty.

The wide world is full of opportunity; the forests and the mines are full of fuel; the fields are full of food. It is the business of governments to adjust the claims of men so that none shall be in want.

Patience is not waiting; it is plodding. Waiting is wasting. Idleness is pauperism. Patience is persistence, is keeping doing; it is the keeping everlastingly at it. The tramp and the beggar know nothing of patience; they are time wasters. He who practices patience uses rather than abuses time. Patience is the wise use of time.

The world's workers are employers of patience. Goodness and beauty are the products of persistence. Behold the painter at his easel. The beauty of his canvas is not made in a day. It grows by the knowing way he touches it, day after day, with the paint and patience of his brush.

RETROSPECTION

IN ONE of his old college lectures Woodrow Wilson said: "No thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life and had time and a little space of calm from which to look back upon it, who did not know and acknowledge that it was what he had done unselfishly and for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect and made him feel that he had played the man."

True, but why retrospection at the END of life? Life is composed of days, the doings of day by day, and a long life means forgetfulness of the majority of the doings. Why not retrospection at the end of every day?

No life is greatly useful unless it has been directed by a thinking head. No man has attained high manhood who has not trained his mind to think. It is the thoughtful man who, not when life is at its sunset, but when each day is at its sunset, reviews the day with the thought: What have I this day done for others?

The real man knows that he can only help himself when that help becomes a help to others.

The end of life means the end of possibility of doing good things and leaving an honored record and a loved name behind. The end of each day

means the loss of one chance to build the right record of life.

The builder who piles his bricks thoughtlessly, believing that when the walls are quite done he will view his structure with contentment, is sure to meet with a greater disappointment than the builder who studies the placing of each brick and drops his plumb line as he goes along.

Men like Rockefeller and Carnegie enjoy a certain "little space of calm" at the end of their lives and engage in retrospection. How they struggle to make restitution! They try to make amends for selfishness. But they did not look within as the days went by. One day was like another, full of greed, full of toil and worry for self, empty of desire to do things unselfishly and for others. Their retrospection in their last span of life prods them to restore—to do justice. Even their expiring efforts to do for others are too late and abortive. They cannot correct the wrongs they have done to individuals, so they try to atone with a collective good.

One day, with its greed, rascality, brutality and selfishness, rushed after another. Retrospection was deferred. In their "little space of calm from which to look back" there looms up a mountain of accumulated greed.

It is only the spiritual aristocracy which knows

that conduct makes character just as truly as character governs conduct.

Retrospection is the reflex action of life. He who daily measures the worth and wisdom of living, buys his happiness and the comfort of his conscience more easily and more cheaply than he who waits until his life is spent before he takes account of its worth.

LEST WE FORGET

ON the 6th day of April, 1917, America declared a state of war existed with Germany, a state of war that Germany made. On the 11th of November, 1918, under armistice we ceased firing. On July 2, 1921, President Harding signed the joint resolution of Congress declaring peace with Germany and Austria.

Germany had made the most gigantic preparations for a war against the whole world including America. She tried to hide her hideous design behind a false front of friendliness.

Her forces were frightful. And when we tore through the evil of her brazenly impudent propaganda we found nothing but a weakened England and a bled-white France between the advancing German forces and our own homes. America threw in the balance of power that won the war.

Had we not gone to war the Allies over seas would in all probability not have been able to hold out against the tremendous military odds which Germany had been building for more than forty years.

Germany planned when the Allies were crushed to strike the United States at the mouth of the Mississippi and along the banks of the Rio Grande,

split us in half and make us powerless in her hands. It would have been accomplished had we not gone to war to protect our liberties. Those who opposed that war, wilfully or ignorantly, opposed our national liberty.

In 1861 we went to war with ourselves. The states were divided over the great economic and moral issue of slavery. This involved the question whether we should be as Europe, broken into many principalities, sovereign and independent, or bound in one great confederation of states under one great national emblem and constitution. It was a great family fuss which was fought fiercely and ended finely. It was a great surgical operation which rid the nation of the cancer of slavery and brought a divided people back into union and brotherhood. Not by a thousand referendums would any of our states ever again choose to secede from the union.

Brave men fought on both sides of that conflict and we honor the valor of the dead.

For over half a century we have gloried in that fight for freedom and national union. In song and story those great battles are brought into the review of glorified memory in our schools and colleges. They are made the righteous basis of our national patriotism. It is right to do so. The stories are ours.

Our immortal leader of that distressing time, the giant Lincoln, looms larger and larger as the perspective of time lifts him higher and higher into the noble altitudes of history. America is indeed a land to flee to—it is a land worth fighting for, and is a land to love. The man who sneers at it is entitled to nothing but the contempt of every true AMERICAN. And the true American never hides his patriotism. He proudly shows it.

In 1865 we hailed our returning heroes with hurrahs and shouts of joy. So long as it was worn we bowed with respect to the familiar soldier uniform. But the time soon came when the veteran got back into civilian clothes and in the whirlpool of commercial and industrial life the old soldier was too often forgotten.

A grateful people built soldiers' homes to accommodate the poor, the jobless, the weak, the crippled and the sick. In those days we thought that was "taking care of the old soldier."

There were murmurs of discontent. We did not train our battle scarred heroes to work in better ways than before the shells began to shatter. We knew not how to provide useful artificial limbs as we do now. We did not organize to hunt jobs for those who brought back our battle-torn banners.

There was complaint; there was unrest. Many

a hero soldier who knew how to keep in step with the battalion failed hopelessly when he tried to find his step in the industrial procession of peace.

Too often he fell hopelessly out of step. There were murmurs of complaint, justified complaint. But no one suggested that we tear down the country our soldiers had saved—no one dared to suggest that the flag that had been bathed in the battle was nothing but a colored sheet to screen corruption.

Yet today we find those who do this very thing—do it constantly. They are the ones who were opposed to our going to war to defend ourselves against German infamy and intrigue. They are the ones who opposed the conscription law without which we never could, in so short a time, have raised and drilled the army that was adequate to defeat the forty years of Germany's secret preparedness. Today we hear these malcontents and breeders of unrest defaming our government as rotten and wholly bad—condemning our country, to which the whole world reaches out for help. They are trying to convince our returned soldier that his fight has been wasted.

The fellow who does this is the worst enemy our flag has ever had and it is high time the real Americans everywhere got after every one of that stripe and let them know that America is not going

to be overthrown or even endangered in time of peace any more than in time of war. Our soldiers stamped out sedition in war. It is time loyal citizens stamped out sedition in time of peace.

We owe our living heroes who saved our country everything we can possibly do for them. Most of all do we owe it to them to see that they shall not be subjected to the influence or annoyance of men who promulgate treasonous propaganda by propounding such conundrums as "What good has the flag ever done the working man?" and "Why should the soldier worry about the country that doesn't worry about him?" and "What did we go to war for anyway?"

We find just that sort of spirit being brazenly, boastfully and insistently carried on by the yellow crew who opposed war and opposed conscription when we were forced to fight or see our liberties denied.

This nation never can repay the soldier boy who crept across No Man's Land to advance our defenses. But we owe him nothing so much as to defend the victory he has won against the defamation of those flannel mouths here at home who try to scuttle the ship after he has saved it.

We will fail to do all our soldiers full justice just as we failed to do them the fullest measure of honor

after they marched home in 1865. Even by doing our best it is inevitable. But a true soldier is a soldier to the end. Army life has taught him better than we know, how to understand the human frailties that are so common to us all. He will forgive us if our appreciation at times falls short. But he ought not to forgive us, after his sacrifices, if we allow defamers of America to continue their insolent practices under the guise of "free speech."

We entered the great war with a high and holy resolve. Let us not forget—nor in victory grow weak or indifferent. Keep the flag flying. America for Americans and all who want to be Americans—but let us remind all who are against the government of the United States of America that the hinges on our harbor gates swing both ways and that it is just as easy for them to get out of the United States as it was for them to come into the country and gain the protection of the larger liberties which our flag won on heroic battlefields and which with unmatched generosity America was glad to throw about them as a protecting mantle.

Today, America is the one hope of a distressed world. The world turns to America for help and guidance. He who would weaken America, who secretly or openly condemns the United States, who holds in his heart a hatred for the most generous

and just country the world has ever known is not only the foe of America but of all suffering mankind.

Both for America and for the world let us keep firm the high resolve and meet the enemy of our flag whether that enemy be here or over seas. Only by so doing can we hope to honor our soldiers and sailors for their high, unselfish and heroic services, —only by so doing can we prevent those who made the supreme sacrifice of offering their lives on the altar of liberty from having died in vain.

THE ROADS TO GOD

FOR centuries man has been learning tolerance. The last stronghold of his arbitrariness is his religion. He has always wanted to travel his own particular chosen path. That is his absolute right. But also he wanted at all times to drive everyone else into his particular path, regardless of the other fellow's personal inclinations.

We all have the same aim and are traveling toward a common goal, and it has taken us long to realize that God, who made men of such diverse personalities, has provided many paths for His children to traverse in their journey to Him and many gates for them to enter into His kingdom.

The religion of Christ is wonderful in its emphasis of essentials. It is marvelous in its wearing power. It stands firm forever, ever satisfying in its power to provide for every contingency.

Like everything good it is of no particular style. It is as fitted to the complex living of today as to the pastoral simplicity of the time in which Christ lived.

The ages as they pass bring only new testimony of its eternal practicability. It can never wear out or be cast aside. It is invincible in its simplicity. It emphasizes love, the one greatest eternal truth.

Religion has come through many phases in its journey down the ages. Men were prone to fasten great importance to some minor external, missing TRUTH, the one essential.

The old Monastics, while they did the world a measurable service, believed that their own soul's purity was the important thing, so they lived apart from the world in a little elect brotherhood of their own. In some ages form and ceremony have borne excessive emphasis and the light of Christianity has flickered from its too gorgeous wrappings.

But through all these ages men have been testing Christianity; they have been learning to use it, to trust it as a great motive power. They realize it is a wonderful instrument for use, not a rare jewel to be guarded. The Christian life was never so generally lived in the true Christ spirit as it is today.

We have reached that stage in religion where we recognize and honor the GOOD man. Nor do we now insist too strongly that his methods in reaching that goodness must be of our own particular brand. We know the good man IS the religious man.

Religion is the fire which example keeps alive. A man's religion is not to be measured by his profession of faith but by his deeds. Religion is the rule of life and not the incident of life.

True religion stands on morality. It is not found

in dogma but in service. That religion is best for each man that makes him the best man.

We still have our separate churches and our distinctive creeds but the inter-denominational sympathy is rapidly growing into the tolerant, all-embracing Christian brotherhood which labors to make the world a haven for even the "least of His children."

Differences in dogma have divorced many a churchman from Christianity. The man of one creed who says to the fellow of a different faith, "You are not a Christian unless you believe in my articles of faith," is not a Christian that the Christ himself would recognize. Christ never heard of the creeds that divide in His name.

The dogmatist who would impose such a narrow and intolerant test is a meager mind the Christ would pity. He is false to the Christian spirit and to Christ's own teaching.

Christianity may divide itself into many creeds and multiplied dogmas but any man who lives in the spirit of love and freedom and fellowship, who seeks to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world and believes in salvation by character IS a Christian. All the ordained bishops in a hundred kingdoms cannot decree such a disciple to condemnation or to punishment at the hand of the Spirit

that voiced the Sermon on the Mount and gave to us the simple and adequate creed of the Golden Rule.

No orthodox corporation or syndicate has an exclusive franchise over the highway to happiness or to Heaven.

PREACHERS

PULPITS are places made for preachers to occupy when they are prepared to meet people. The preacher who goes into the pulpit unprepared is in the wrong place and the people soon find they are in the wrong pew.

The preacher who forms the habit of going into his pulpit unprepared soon faces empty pews. He converts his church into a mausoleum, for a church is not an edifice but a congregation.

People congregate to get something. Where they find they can get they will give. Life is a reciprocal game.

People go to church to get inspiration, spiritual encouragement and comfort. The preacher who is unprepared to preach merely prattles. He is a dead one.

The savage mind is content with an idol. He worships before a stone image because he is a savage. But the cultivated mind is not content even with an animated stone.

The living heart works with red blood. The preacher who is fit for the place the people make for him should be strong of heart and full of life. For the church is built to help the living.

The preacher is derelict in his duty who does not

make his words live words, filling the hearts of his hearers with comfort, with gladness, with an eagerness to serve and make this life here and now better, more worth while. It is the preacher's duty to inspire his parishioners to want to make life lasting. That is the road to the life everlasting.

No preacher can arouse emotions who himself has not emotions.

The preacher who halts, hesitates and stumbles for words usually has no word worth giving. What the people want and need from their pulpits are the words the preachers cannot help saying. If there is no message in a preacher no congregation can get one out of him.

He is a poor preacher who cannot compete with the poets in vision. We do not ask him to put his message into meter. But we want a MESSAGE.

That preacher is a parasite and not a prophet who has not the scientist's devotion to truth and will not seek the truth and follow it wherever it may lead him,—for the truth, and only the truth shall make us free.

The preacher who knows his job leads rather than lambasts. As the human mind develops intelligence it develops independence. The independent mind recoils from dictatorship but it leaps to truth.

The preacher who can only think backward, who cannot see beyond the Dead Sea, who is fairly familiar with the problems that perplexed ancient Palestine but does not know much about the living problems here and now, who thinks he knows all about the politics of Paul but is afraid to be Paul-like and preach on the great moral and social issues that are alive today as Paul did in his day, may paint pretty pictures of a world hereafter but he is not following in His steps trying to make more glorious the world that we live in here.

The world is not so much in need of formulas as facts. We need doctrines less than deeds.

Nor is the preacher rational who deceives himself by thinking that he is highly modern if he digs up a doubt. A doubt is dishonest unless it makes room for a new conviction. The martyrs converted their doubts into real beliefs.

Faith itself is a doubt unless it is fixed to facts.

Milk tickets are an evidence of faith. But you cannot raise the baby on milk tickets. You must put faith into form. Religion is hollow unless we can see how to LIVE it. Faith becomes wonderful, beautiful and helpful when we give it form and try to BE all that we profess. The spirit of the Christ LIVES.

The pulpit is the highest calling. But he abuses it rather than blesses it who does not go prepared to fight the full battle of the Lord today. The world needs no one thing more than preachers who can and who dare PREACH.

CHURCHES

EVERYWHERE and through every age we find the traces of man's eager search for religion. As men's minds mature their religion changes from creeds to deeds.

The religious spirit of this age cannot be measured by census statistics. Renting a pew does not make a man religious. Many a man who is farthest from the Christ crowds closest to the altar. It is not an uncommon practice for a crook who has acquired ill-gotten gain to buy his position as a vestryman. That church is not Christian that will for gold sell such a mask and mantle to hide corruption. Many preachers, for church support, praise men the Christ Himself would, with holy wrath, drive out.

A man's Christianity is measured not by what he professes one day a week but by what he performs seven days a week. There never was a time when so many people were devoutly trying to serve the Master.

Time feeds fuel to the torch of truth. With the light of truth ever shining brighter the right paths for men to pursue become ever clearer. Men are becoming less content to merely declare for good

things. They are growing impatient to DO good things.

The misers of the world are dying out. Misers are miserable. Men shrink from misery.

Freedom to think, and fellowship are the prizes men covet. Freedom and fellowship are the foundation of character. Character is the cornerstone of the living and the lasting church.

The passion to get is today chiefly inspired by an eagerness to give.

Reverence for dogma is giving way to the nobler reverence for deeds.

Like deep stained windows that admit only a filtered purple light in musty and melancholy chambers, dogmas darken. The churches are welcoming more light. More light brings more cheer, more warmth and welcome. The church is growing human—not a thing apart from men but a thing of men.

The best church is the church that best performs the duty of a church, that renders the most helpful service to men here and now, that seeks to glorify the world beyond by making more glorious the world here. We must make good here if we would make for a good hereafter.

The true church, the church that lives in His name, that teaches the religion which He taught, is

not built for the classes but throws wide its doors to welcome the masses, and over its altar writes boldly, "Here let no man be stranger." It matters little what denominational name may be chiseled on the cornerstone of that spire, it becomes His church because built in His name, serving Him, it reaches out to welcome all His children.

With man, the church grows. It has mothered most of men's benignant institutions. It gave us the school, the playhouse and the hospital. As the child grows self-reliant so have these institutions, but the mother of them has not been left bereft, only unburdened—free to devote herself to go further afield in the spiritual quickening and moral awakening of the world.

The church is itself a duty. It is the glorified expression of duty. That church fights a hopeless battle that pleads with people to respect her and wait upon her as a duty without working to fulfill a reciprocal duty.

The ancient order has changed. The people now challenge the pulpit. It is the laymen who set the pace for preachers. He must be an intellectual as well as a spiritual leader. For it is intellect that sharpens the conscience. Conscience builds character.

A soulless, sapless church that attempts to thrive

in a worldly atmosphere, rooted in barren professions, bearing no fruit, pleading for subsidy that it may maintain a semblance of existence is not long to survive.

The preacher who has not the heart and heroism of a crusader is not a church builder but a church killer.

The man in the pulpit who is not prepared to meet the problems of today is simply an obstruction. He should be put out that a real man can be put in.

The church that permits its pulpit to be used as a loafing place for a lazy mind deserves to crumble. It will never draw men who are busy building brains and cultivating a conscience to advance the common rights of men.

The preacher must do more than play with platitudes. He must keep abreast of the thought of today.

The politics of Paul was a live issue in the first century but it is not a live issue in the twentieth century. It has little application to the practices of either Mott Street or Wall Street.

The preacher who expects the congregation to come to church as a matter of duty and himself feels no duty to that congregation, who feels his work is done when he has patrolled the streets

radiating good will, passing out idle words of sympathy and pursuing the pleasant pastime of peddling fellowship is a sad misfit in any pulpit.

Thoreau describes our churches as hospitals for men's souls but laments that they are as full of quackery as the hospitals for our bodies.

The preacher who expects a congregation to subsidize an indolent intellect and a conscience that is only brave enough to face the problems of a parish picnic is nothing but a pulpit quack.

He only serves the church, layman or pulpitman, who enriches it. He who merely lives off of it is a leech.

No more than the individual can the church grow by merely getting. It, too, must give,—give inspiration, give ideas and ideals, give birth to new thought, inspire new deeds, and exercise the commanding conscience.

The church that lives and the church that men will learn to love is the church that labors with heart and hand, brain and brawn for the upbuilding of a better life here and now for tomorrow.

"The church must," as Bishop Simpson has said, "grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city and up the broken staircases, and into the cesspools of iniquity, and beside the loathsome sufferer. It must go down into the pit with

the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. It is not Christian if it is not militant, holding up to public scorn the blackmailer and the 'respectable' secret partner of the vice monger and the bandit."

"Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surface of society. It must publicly repudiate the rich rascal and the poor outlaw alike. Like the sea, the church must flow into every nook of the shore line of humanity. Like the sun, it must shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for it was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the whole world."

THE COMMON CREED

ALL creeds are built upon the common cornerstone of character. Jew and Gentile, Pagan and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, build their dogmas on the foundation of deeds.

All recognize the same fundamental things as **RIGHT**, and the repudiation or violation of those things as **WRONG**.

When a people fails to recognize the differences in these underlying laws moral decay sets in and consumes them like a spread of plague.

A man may deny the Diety, but when he attempts to live on the theory that nothing matters and there is no such thing as right and wrong, then and there he is gone. He is an outcast because he is an outlaw.

Right men know that happiness is the reward of right living. Happiness is the pay envelope of life. Happiness is not mere money. Happiness is something that you can not steal. It has to be earned. Neither God nor nature will bestow it upon any but those who consistently and persistently do that which they believe to be right.

He who tries to steal happiness from another finds himself robbed. He loses the very thing he would try to gain.

Happiness is not dependent upon gold or fame but upon poise and peace. The contented soul has learned that the laws of peace are as fixed as the laws of planets.

The Common Creed demands DUTY. Every man is here for a purpose. Each man has an individual duty, as different from that of all other men as his face or his thumb mark. That is personality. Every man who draws a pay envelope must make his individual life earn it by obeying in his own right way the laws of the Common Creed.

If he attempts to copy the other fellow he is a counterfeit and he will find that like a bad coin he will not pass. He must make of himself a MAN.

The Common Creed calls for CLEANLINESS. The ancient prophets used to plead for the antiseptic soul. The modern prophet pleads for the antiseptic body knowing that that which is within the house cannot be clean unless the house itself is clean. He who pollutes his body impoverishes and tarnishes his soul.

The Common Creed calls for STRENGTH. Alcohol makes thin blood. Thin blood never makes a strong body. A weak body makes a weak arm, a weak brain and a faint heart.

The Common Creed calls for BRAVERY. The unclean man is weak, the weak man is cowardly.

Cowardice is a crime. It is a crime against the individual, against the state, against nature and against God.

He who is feeble in character is full of fear. The world puts no trust in the man who is full of fear. The greatest cowardice is shown in the fear of TRUTH.

The Common Creed calls for LOVE. It is the weak who hate, the strong who love. He who loves serves. The parent who loves the child serves the child. He who loves his neighbor serves his neighbor. He who loves his city serves his city. He who loves his state serves his state. He who loves his country serves his country. He who loves mankind will want to serve mankind. He who loves his God serves his God.

The test of character is the diameter of the circle that the individual is impatient to serve. That circle will widen as he makes his life clean and strong by serving.

Clean conduct, like a clean lens, helps us to see, to see our larger DUTY. It helps us to see how to grow strong and brave, how to earn the love of all by loving all and serving all to the best of individual power.

In every land, through every clime, among every

people we find all religion built upon this—THE COMMON CREED.

It is this creed, the great common denominator of all dogmas, that brings into noble, self-sacrificing service the world's vast and heroic army of UNSEEN SOLDIERS.

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